

THE SIGNAL HAULYARDS OF THE EMPIRE.

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

Personalities in Parliament.



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**FEBRUARY, 1901.**

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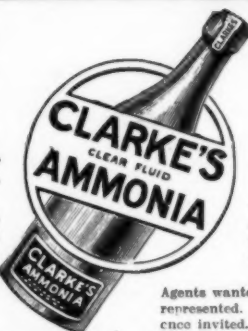
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THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE

(See Sir George Wolsley's article on "Travancore," p. 316.)



# THE SIGNAL HAULYARDS OF THE EMPIRE



The Seals  
of the Companies.

THE opening year of the twentieth century will see the jubilee of submarine telegraphy, and in view of the celebration of that event now in preparation, and the quinquennial meeting of the International Telegraph Congress to be held, appropriately enough, in London next May, some account of the progress of submarine telegraphy may be of general interest.

"What is electricity?" said the professor to a student in his class. "Sir," was the reply, "I—I did know once, but I have forgotten." "Alas, gentlemen!" said the professor, "here is the saddest fact on earth, the only man who ever knew what electricity is—and he has forgotten!"

Passing by the thorny controversy as to the nature and origin of electricity, we may be content to study it through its effects. Although it is probable that great developments are in store for electric lighting, electric traction, and numberless other industrial applications of electricity, it may be safely affirmed that the greatest effect on the human race it has as yet achieved, or is ever likely to achieve, is in the annihilation of distance and the linking together of all lands by means of the telegraph. There have been other means of progression from place to place, and other means of obtaining artificial light since man began, but until the advent of the electric telegraph there were no means of instant communication over vast spaces of earth or sea, and it is difficult to see how telegraphy in one form or another, with or without wires, can be superseded by any other agency. It is hardly possible for the present generation to realise that this immense stride in the Federation of Man has been accomplished within the limits of the reign of Queen

Victoria. The first practical line of land telegraphs was laid in 1838 between Paddington and West Drayton, the first submarine cable from Dover to Calais in 1851, the attempt to lay a strand of covered wire across the Channel the year before hardly being considered a serious undertaking. To-day every civilised and most uncivilised lands are criss-crossed with wires in all directions, and the lines of submarine cables on a map of the world look like the endless cordage of a full-rigged ship. Every important spot on the face of the globe, with the exception of a few South Sea islands like Fiji and Honolulu, is at the present moment linked to every other spot by slender wires. It requires a vigorous effort of the imagination to realise what the condition of the world was when it took as many weeks as it now does minutes for news to reach us from India, Australia or China.

The romance of the telegraph will indeed bulk largely in the fairy tale of the Victorian era, when time has supplied the necessary perspective. The tale of the telegraph will take its place with the discovery of gravitation, the discovery of America, the circumnavigation of the globe, and other world epochs. And that romance will always find its crowning interest in the laying of the first and second Atlantic cables, "the great feat of the century," as Professor Morse called it. Now-a-days the establishment of a new line of cable to America or Australia is hardly thought worthy of more than a three-line paragraph in our daily papers. But thirty-five years ago, when the very possibility of laying and maintaining so immense a stretch of cable was hotly debated and considered the mere dream of enthusiasts,

## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire

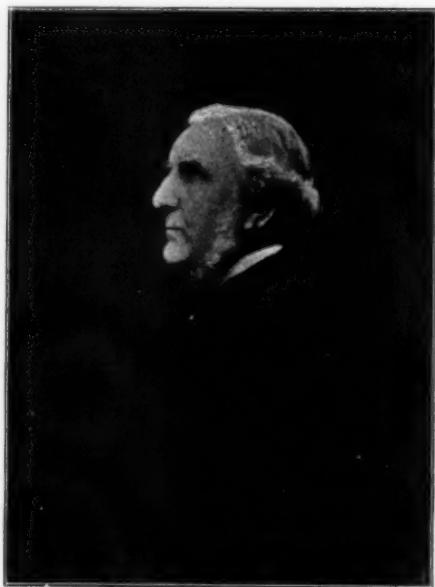
the completion of communication with America was an event of the first importance which captivated the attention of the world. If robust faith in the idea was required while it was all untried, what was the immense faith required after the breakdown of the first attempt, and the loss of the capital (£460,000) sunk in the undertaking, and not only to bate no jot of heart or hope, but to stake another large fortune on the hazard of the die!

Yet it was when failure stared the little band of enthusiasts in the face, and hope was well-nigh gone, that the late Sir John Pender stepped in with his personal guarantee of a quarter of a million, and so made the second and successful attempt possible. To him and to the late Cyrus Field is mainly due the credit of that great feat which has so profoundly altered the relationship of every nation and kindred and community on earth.

The feasibility of ocean telegraphy having been established, projects for connecting other portions of the globe, and especially Her Majesty's Empire in the East, were speedily undertaken. Small Cable Companies sprang up, chiefly under the presidency of Sir John Pender, and rapidly Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, India and the far East were brought into telegraphic communication. These small companies presently fused themselves into two great corporations, now known as the Eastern and the Eastern Extension Companies, stretching forth their feelers to the remotest corners of the British Empire in the East, and linking them together into one homogeneous whole. Strange it is that the very Manchester School of Politics which looked on the colonies as so many individual sources of weakness to the Mother Country should, all unconsciously, have provided the antidote

to their own doctrines in the Manchester merchant, later known as the "Cable King," the cable being undoubtedly the most potent force in the welding of the Empire into that Federation which has now received its baptism of blood in South Africa. Telegraphy is at the present time the most active factor in even a greater realisation—the Brotherhood of Man.

The companies grew and prospered under the fostering care of Sir John Pender, Sir James Anderson (of *Great Eastern* fame), the Marquis of Tweeddale, and other pioneers of ocean telegraphy, following the flag wherever the empire extended, until to-day no important and hardly any unimportant trade centre in the eastern hemisphere is outside their operations. In fact, with the exception of Canada and the West Indies, the whole of Her Majesty's colonies in all corners of the world are served by the "Eastern" group of companies, which in 1870 possessed about 10,000 miles of cable; 1880, about 30,000 miles; 1890, about 44,000 miles; 1900, about 64,000 miles. Egypt, India, the Straits Settlements, Java, Australia, New Zea-



(After H. Herkomer, R.A.)

SIR JOHN PENDER

land, Borneo, China, East Africa, Mauritius, South Africa, West Africa, and numberless islands, such as St. Helena, Ascension, Seychelles, Perim, Labuan, Celebes, etc., are now in hourly communication with London. Cable is now being rapidly made to provide a new line of communication with Australia, *via* the Cape, gathering in on its way the lonely islands of Rodrigues and Cocos (Keeling) in the Southern Indian Ocean.

How do telegrams come, and through what processes do they pass before they are served fresh and hot with our breakfast rolls every morning? A slender copper



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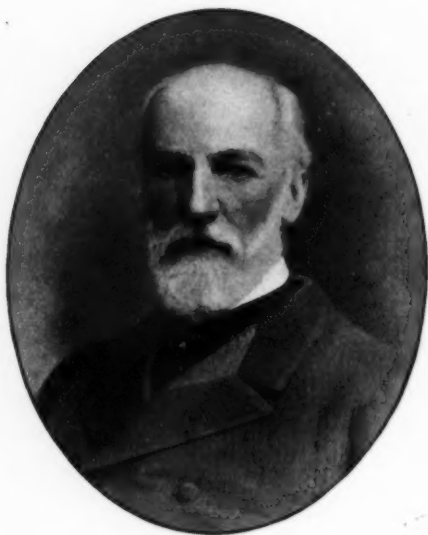
EASTERN EXTENSION  
TELEGRAPH HOUSE  
ROEBUCK BAY, W. AUSTRALIA.

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Butterworth-

## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire



THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE

conductor, or strand of wires, about the thickness of the lead in a cedar pencil, is covered with gutta-percha, hemp, and tape in various layers, and protected on the outside by sheathing wires. This is payed out between the two points to be connected by a specially constructed cable-ship, a sufficient amount of slack being allowed so that the cable may rest easily on the bottom, and accommodate itself to the inequalities which exist on the bed of the ocean as well as on land. The greater the distance between the two points, the thicker the central copper core must be if any respectable speed of signalling is to be obtained. Considerations of expense and other more abstruse electrical and mechanical problems limit the thickness of the copper, and therefore, if at all possible, cables are looped in at convenient points, not only to shorten their length and secure greater speed of transmission, but to tap whatever traffic can there be obtained. At present it is not possible to join up two or more cables of any great length by means of "relays," as is done on land lines, so that at each point of landing re-transmission in one form or another is necessary. When cables were first laid it was found that the ordinary system of "Morse" working, in use on land wires, was not available

for long cables, the strong currents necessary to influence such instruments being impossible on account of the high induction generated. This choked the current, and produced a sort of electrical indigestion, which speedily put a stop to legible signals except at very slow speed. An instrument was required which would work with an attenuated current, and accordingly Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) invented the "Mirror" instrument. This consisted of a tiny mirror attached to a still more tiny magnet, and delicately suspended by a single fibre of silk inside a coil of wire. The passing of a minute current through the coil deflected the tiny mirror, and moved a spot of light which it threw on a screen. Cable clerks accordingly became known among the fraternity as "Spot-dodgers," a term which no longer survives, though the Mirror is still in use on some remote solitary and slow lines. They are now popularly known as "Lightning-grinders." The Mirror left no record of its movements, and was very trying to the operators' eyes, so Lord Kelvin set his matchless brain to work again, and produced the "Thomson Recorder," in which the mirror is replaced by a moving coil, to which is attached a glass siphon no thicker than a horsehair, and through which ink flowing traces a



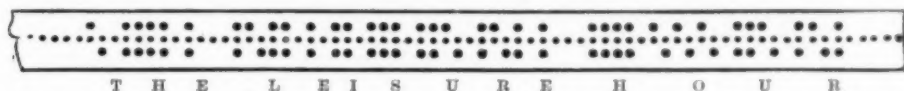
SIR JAMES ANDERSON

## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire

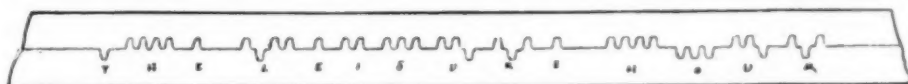
line on the narrow strip of paper. Most people have seen the ordinary Morse slip in use at post-offices, which looks thus:

T H E L E I S U R E H O U R

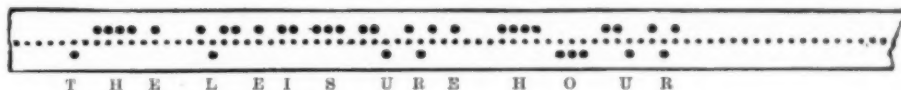
Let us trace step by step the processes through which a telegram from London to Bombay passes. If transmitted, not by hand, but by Wheatstone automatic, for Morse signals, the punched slip shows a series of holes, thus:—



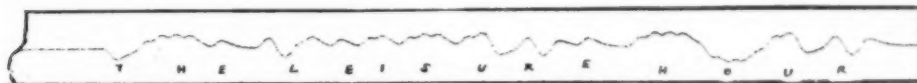
This ribbon is run through an automatic transmitter, which can work up to 300 or 400 words per minute on land lines. When this message reappears at the other end of the land line at Porthcurno, near the Land's End, it has a very different appearance from the ordinary Morse signals given in our first example. In the Siphon



Recorder the small "kopjes" at the top represent dots, and the depressions below dashes. The distance between London and the Land's End being short, and land-

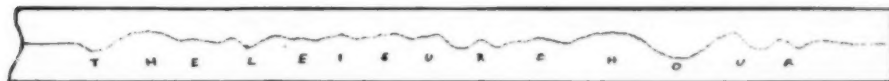


lines free from inductive effects, the signals come out sharp and clear and unmistakable. The message is re-punched at Porthcurno in a different form for cable-working, and re-transmitted to Gibraltar, where it undergoes a somewhat different treatment. Time being wasted by re-writing, the clerk who reads the signals is simultaneously re-transmitting them forward, acting in point of fact as a "human relay." The



Not so sharply defined as the first specimen, but still clear enough to be read without hesitation. At Alexandria the message is written out, or the slips pasted on sheets of paper and re-transmitted to Suez over the land-lines which cross the Land of the Pharaohs, following generally the railway route past Tel-el-Kebir to Ismailia and so down the canal to Suez. The transmission which takes place at Suez is in one sense

the last, the clerk at Aden only acting as a "human relay," and helping the message on to its destination at Bombay, where it is written out in a fair round hand, and handed over to the Indian Government for delivery. The signals as finally received, however, look very different from the sharp clear-cut signals at Porthcurno or Gibraltar. If these are compared with those above, it will be seen that they are indefinite and





## The Signal Hauyards of the Empire

blunted, one running into the other in a way that none but an experienced telegraphist can be trusted to decipher. The great length of the Aden-Bombay cable, nearly 2000 miles, plays havoc not only with the clearness of the signals, but with the speed of their transmission. More rapid transmission would make them quite unreadable, and if electrical disturbance or wandering earth currents interfere with these already misshapen signals, it is easy to see that unexpected results may arise. A stray current may supplement the labours of the operator, and add another dot or dash, or cause one to miss fire altogether. The addition of a dot and the consequent disturbance of the spacing will, for instance, change THANKING into BANKING. The slightest variation in the spacing, or in the length of a dot, will make the most appalling difference. Such words as BEDREWING and BLEATING, or PAPER, REAPER, GAPEL, WAFER, and WAGER so closely resemble each other telegraphically, that any one of four or five causes, apart from the fallibility of human agency, may mutilate them, and entirely alter the sense of the message. So long as that message is in plain language, no great harm may occur, because the context usually gives the clue to the correct reading. But when, as is the case in nine-tenths of Indian or China telegrams, the text reads something like this—

MAQUINADOS SBERLEFFA SCHERPMPJES  
BANKING CHYLIFERE BEDEWING  
SCHELPSLAK CHUMARUJEH

it is impossible even for a polyglot scholar to know whether a word is correctly received or not, "Maquinabos" looking as reasonable a word as "Maquinados," and "Banking" as "Thanking." It is on record that one Australian firm receiving the word "THANKING" in a code telegram, the translation of which was, "Send 300 dozen rabbit-traps," kept the factories in Sheffield and Birmingham at work day and night, and made a "corner" in rabbit-traps, only to find when the mail advices arrived that the word originally telegraphed was BANKING, meaning, "Send three tons cotton waste!" Code compilers who know their business eliminate as far as they can all words liable to such transformation, and so limit as far as possible the risk of error from similarity of signal.

The vagaries of the telegraph service

have given rise to many amusing stories, and some very embarrassing situations. What possible excuse can be given for a telegram which starts with the single word "No," and yet reaches its destination reading "Yes"? From any point of view, telegraphic or orthographic, such a mistake might be safely pronounced impossible, yet it has actually occurred, and the explanation is simple enough. At some point on the line the signals were doubtful, and the receiving-clerk asked, "Is the word No?" to receive the reply "Yes," and he automatically wrote down the word last received. As a matter of fact a large proportion of the telegraphist's work is purely automatic, and leaves no impression whatever on his inner consciousness. His attention is so closely occupied in spelling out the signals, letter by letter, that the consecutive sense of the message seldom fixes itself in his mind, unless he forcibly fix his attention on the subject. After writing down a long telegram in plain language, he may not even know as he pens the last word what it is all about. In the same way one may often look at one's watch, and though mentally satisfied as to the time, cannot answer an inquiry on the subject.

One of the most ludicrous mistakes ever made by the telegraph was solely caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read thus,

"Governor-General twins first son," which the news agency "edited," and sent round to the morning papers in the following form:

"Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor-General of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at Government House, Brisbane, to twins, the first-born being a son."

The telegram arriving in the small hours of the morning, there was no time to check it or refer to Debrett, and it was published by most of the newspapers in London and the provinces, and caused an unexpected sensation. Sir Arthur's friends pointed out with conclusive force that some one had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy, Sir Arthur being a bachelor in his eightieth year! A repetition having been hastily obtained from Brisbane, the corrected message read thus, "Governor-General turns first sod," which the intelligent news agency at once knew referred to the opening ceremony of the Brisbane-

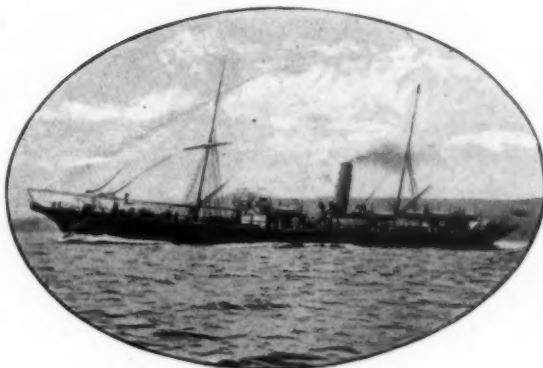


## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire

Maryborough Railway! The final dot of the letter "d" --- in sod had missed fire, changing it to "n" ---, and the alteration of "turns" into "twins" was a writing error almost inevitable under the circumstances. Profuse apologies and much merriment ensued, but poor Sir Arthur never lived to hear of it, for he left the colony shortly after, and died in the Red Sea on his way home.<sup>1</sup>

Much of the telegraphic news reaches this country in the two or three hours prior to the time of publication of the morning papers, which is usually between four and five a.m., and it says much for the encyclopædic knowledge of our pressmen, and the careful scrutiny of the "readers," that so few mistakes occur. Any item of information which cannot be checked and verified is usually held over for a later edition rather than run the risk of inaccurate publication. News from China or Australia dispatched in the morning, say before nine o'clock, is ordinarily in London in time for that morning's publication unless the lines are blocked with overnight traffic,

<sup>1</sup> The absurd mistake in the transmission of Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian address will be remembered by many. It was the first time he had used the expression, "the masses," and there is some excuse for the alteration either on the postal lines or in the press of the phrase into "them asses."



T.S. "JOHN PENDER"

and it is quite a common occurrence to receive on Sunday night in London telegrams dispatched from Sydney on Monday morning, the message thus arriving *the day before it is sent*. The difference of time, ten hours and five minutes, between Sydney time and Greenwich time allows

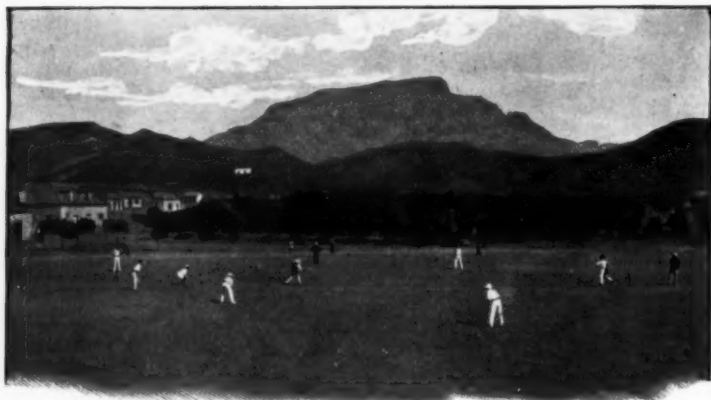
ample margin for this singular phenomenon.

The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, and so in the chain of cables between England and India the speed of transmission is the speed of the slowest section. Although a speed of 300 or 400 words a minute can be readily obtained on the land wires in England and Egypt, the speed of the very best cables is only a tenth of this, and the longer the cable the slower the speed, the longest cable working up to four or five words per minute only. One land line is therefore able to keep many cables occupied, and the congestion is reduced by the use of "Duplex" and the laying of duplicate or triplicate



PORHCUENO TELEGRAPH STATION, CORNWALL

## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire

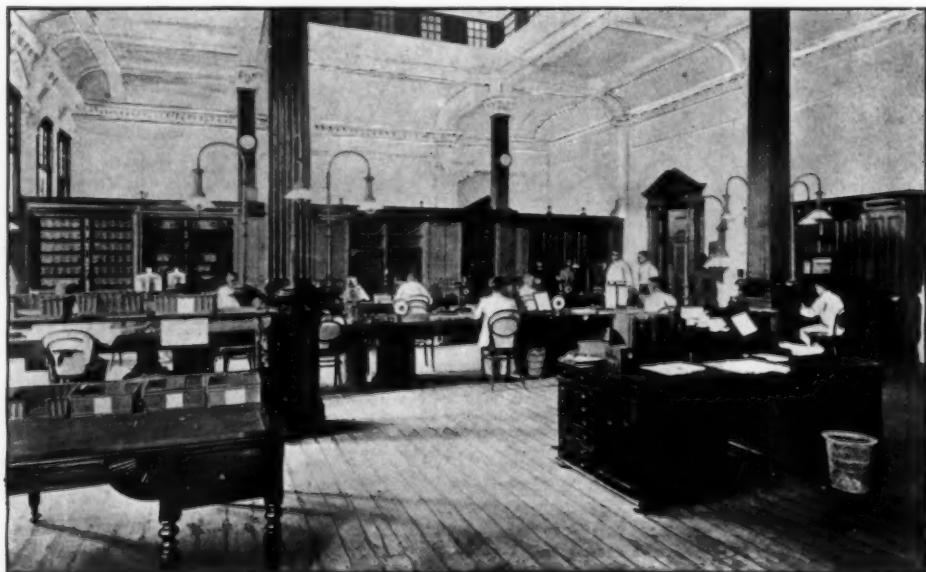


CRICKET MATCH AT ST. VINCENT

cables between the congested points. Here comes in the difficulty, which is not sufficiently appreciated by those who agitate for cheap telegrams to our colonies. In a land system of telegraphs such as the Post Office has networked over the whole kingdom, it is a simple and inexpensive operation to fix a second, or any number of additional wires, on the existing poles, thereby increasing the effective capacity of the lines to any required extent. With a cable system, however, the initial cost of

correspondence entrusted to her each trip without any appreciable effect on her Plimsoll-mark, but if the Postmaster-General had to charter another vessel each time the New York mail doubled itself, the problem of cheap postage would assume a very different aspect. One additional Bible posted to Sydney would make no difference whatever in the handling of the mails, but if wired to Sydney its contents would block all the cables for a fortnight to the exclusion of all other traffic.

which is roughly ten times that of a land system, and the carrying capacity but one-tenth, the only way to provide additional carrying capacity is to lay another cable at the same cost as the original. The analogy of the Penny Post is equally fallacious and inapplicable. The *s.s. Oceanic* can carry ten times the usual amount of cor-



INSTRUMENT ROOM, SINGAPORE

## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire

Not only have duplicate and triplicate cables been provided to all important points in the East, but alternative routes have been chosen so as to minimise the risk of interruption. Thus to South Africa there are three routes, *via* Gibraltar—Egypt—Aden and Zanzibar, *via* Lisbon—St. Vincent—Sierra Leone and the West Coast, and *via* Lisbon—St. Vincent, and St. Helena to Capetown. The last-named route was laid since the war began, and the buildings now

of the paper is written, and launches boldly forth into the following pæan:—

LUMPS OF EARTH scattered amidst the ocean, thanks be to Providence, and to the advances of human science, at present we are not alone; we find ourselves accompanied by families of four great nations—Germany, United States of Northern America, England and France; and not only waited for, but tied to the ancient and new world, by the nerves of universal life of humanity, as are truly the telegraphic lines, animated by this powerful agent of nature—electricity.

Well! it was our share to see upon its realisation, during this year, the last of the nineteenth century, our aspiration since so long a time conceived.

It is of course a motive of our joy, this auspicious dawn of progress, which is presented to us, auguring a happier station of life, on communion of larger relations with the whole world.

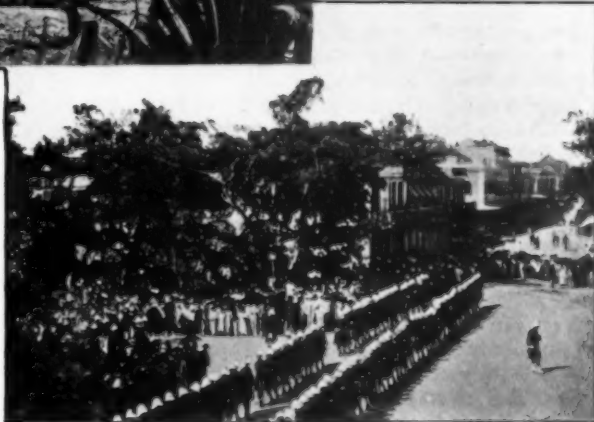
And if may be realised in



LANDING SHORE END OF CABLE,  
MAURITIUS

in course of erection at St. Helena provide work for Boer prisoners, who are glad to hire themselves out as labourers to vary the monotony of their exile. The advent of the cable forms a fresh starting-point in the history of every community, profoundly altering as it does the whole basis of commercial life, breaking down the monopoly which rich firms enjoyed, and giving the poorer trader equal rights and privileges with his more powerful rival. He is in as speedy communication with the business centres, and can in a couple of hours obtain the latest quotations and at the same cost.

The establishment of cable communication is usually an occasion of much jubilation, one of the latest expressions of which is rather amusing. It is taken from "O Telegrapho," a small newspaper published at Horta in the Azores, and the editor in the exuberance of his joy abandons the Portuguese language, in which the rest



INAUGURAL CEREMONY TO CELEBRATE THE LAYING OF THE CABLE,  
MAURITIUS, NOV. 1893

a short time, that other aspiration of general commerce, the opening of Panama Channel, for the connection of Atlantic to Pacific ocean through the equatorial zone, we would also be put upon relation with those countries, washed by this latter ocean.

And by natural disposition, our Fayal, this merry and hospitaller little island, like a staple of navigation and electro-telegraphy, with her secure and sheltered harbour, her duly mounted and well-directed meteorological post, her rich commercial stores, her accomplished workshops and clever artists, her elegant buildings, the magnificent sights of her grounds either in the same island or at Pico and Saint George, with the pacific and agreeable genius of her inhabitants, the sweet amenity of her sky and wholesome climate, Fayal

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TELEGRAPH STATION AT NELSON, NEW ZEALAND

shall become an enviable estation not only for her native Portuguese, but also for all foreigners who would frequent us, increasing each time more the number of tourists and the development of trades.

Let our reader excuse this spring of our feelings, and be so kind as to pardon our humble pen for the daringness of its imperfect traces.

Horta, July 29th, 1900.

Duplex telegraphy, or the sending of two messages in opposite directions at the same time, was invented in 1873, and is now used on all cables over which sufficient traffic passes. Quadruplex and even multiplex telegraphy is possible on land lines, but hitherto has not been found applicable to cables. It is probable, however, that submarine telegraphy is on the eve of important changes in the methods of signalling, which will not only increase the speed of working, but secure greater accuracy in transmission. The new century will not be far advanced on its way before relays, are adapted to cables, so that one transmission will suffice to set in motion repeaters at the intermediate stations, and so reduce the labour of re-transmission from point to point, and at the same time lessen the risk of error. Automatic telegraphy, which has made great strides of late years, is also likely to receive fresh developments, and the dot and dash and Recorder systems become as obsolete as the Mirror, giving place to type-written messages in Roman characters.

What sort of life do those voluntary exiles, the cable staffs of these great companies, lead, and how do they live, move, and have their being so far from the madding crowd?

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Strange it is on a lonely island or by some secluded bay where the dead stillness is broken only by the swish of the water and the cry of the seagull, to come upon a large and substantial building suggestive of a hotel or hydro, to pass inside and by the opening of a door to find oneself suddenly at the very centre of the world's activities. A busy hive of workers hums with the drip, drip, as of rain, of the various instruments clicking incessantly; there is a continual passing of

telegrams from one line to another, and weird inquiries from the ends of the earth—"Zanzibar wants to know why Edinburgh hasn't replied about that error," or "Hong Kong says yes to San Francisco," or "Where on earth is Buitenzorg?"

Year in, year out, by day and night, on Sunday and Saturday, the ceaseless sentinels change guard over the flickering galvanometers, and keep the tape running with its flow of polyglot messages. If one may, without irreverence, appropriate the words of the hymn, it may be said of the cable staff as of the Church—

"... unsleeping,

While Earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night."

At the knob of his key the telegraph clerk touches the whole world, and is not only, like Ulysses, "part of all he has met," but is the connecting-link and swivel of the whole. To the imaginative mind there are few modern callings so rich in romance—if only one has the seeing eye. We have, however, become so familiarised with the continual miracle of telegraphy, that it has grown commonplace even in the short half-century of its existence, and prosaic except for its setting. And how varied that setting is! Gleaming snows and tropic palms, lonely islands like Seychelles or Ascension, busy oriental cities like Bombay or Singapore, fever-haunted Sierra Leone, tiger-haunted Cochin China, or lion-haunted Benguela, "the long wash of Australasian

## The Signal Haulyards of the Empire

seas," or the Boer-covered heights of St. Helena (where an indignant survivor of Paardeberg recently smashed with a stone the camera of a cablist intent on snap-shooting Cronje), all these are known to the telegraph clerk, who may be whisked from one end of the earth to the other at short notice, and exchange pyjamas and the smattering of Malay with which he orders the native messenger at Banjoewangie, for the flannels and furs of Odessa—from the tropical sun of Labuan to the bora of Trieste, which freezes the water in his hand-basin, and blows his tramcar into the Adriatic. The story of the tiger, which not only devoured the messenger at Cape St. James (Cochin China), but also the whole record of a month's work, is a classic by this time. Tigers are no longer common objects of the sea-shore in that lonely neighbourhood; but a few weeks ago complaint was made that a family of lions, father, mother, and two cubs, driven from the veldt by the ravages of rinderpest among their natural prey, had taken to prowling around the outskirts of Benguella, killing several natives and one white man, and had finally been seen at the back-gate of the cable station. Mr. Lion, sen., it is comforting to know, paid the penalty of his audacity with his life.

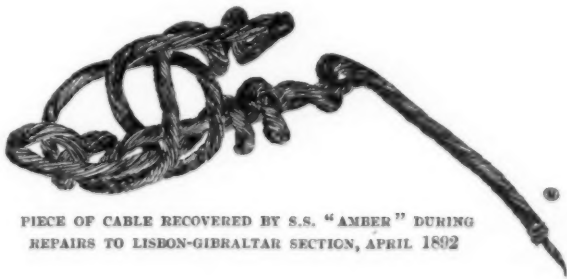
Wherever a cable station is, there will surely be found a rallying-point for the British colony, if any such exist within a radius of ten miles, the staff forming a very present help in all social and athletic functions. For not only are the young fellows of good standing and education, but the stations are supplied with everything requisite for their comfort and interest and amusement. Libraries, billiard-tables, tennis-courts, cricket-fields, and even, in some cases, theatres are part of the establishment, and these form centres of attraction for the British residents. The hospitality of cable clerks is indeed proverbial all the world over; in many remote corners of the



From Photo by Elliott and Fry, London  
SIR JOHN WOLFE-BARRY, K.C.B.

earth the cable station is the only refuge for the wandering Englishman, and this fact alone makes patriarchal hospitality inevitable. Recruited largely from the public schools, most of the stations can muster a very creditable cricket team, and no sooner does H.M.S. *Horrible* put in at a port, than a cricket match is organised with the "E. T. C. chaps," and much good-fellowship, claret-cup, and perspiration ensue, the admiral himself as often as not personally conducting his officers to the fray.

With the exception of the Marquis of Tweeddale, all the original founders of the companies have passed away, but their mantles have fallen on able successors, who continue the far-seeing policy which has built up these great corporations. In the hands of Sir John Wolfe-Barry, the new "Eastern" chairman, and Mr. John Denison-Pender, the managing director, the prosperity and enterprise which have distinguished them in the past are not likely to suffer any diminution.



PIECE OF CABLE RECOVERED BY S.S. "AMBER" DURING  
REPAIRS TO LISBON-GIBRALTAR SECTION, APRIL 1892



# The Awakening of Anthony Weir

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN,"  
"IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement.

Anthony, who is twenty-five years old, had already received a "call" from the little country church of Humbleton. He had written accepting it, but before the letter was posted there came a call from the church at Martyr Gate, Workingham. Anthony decided in favour of the latter.

It was at this stage in his experience that he had his walk with Phillis Day. The contest in his mind was between love and expediency. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

Anthony is much struck with a wonderful contralto voice which charmed the congregation during the services of his first Sunday. The singer was Miss Adela Butler, niece of Alderman Butler, the senior deacon, and was said to be an heiress in her own right. Mr. Wembly, a distiller, had already been attracted by her, and on her account had presented a fine organ to the church.

Anthony now gets rooms of his own. His landlady is a Roman Catholic, and the only other lodger is a curate, Mr. Colvin, who, with a stipend of £100 a year, lives on a pound a week and gives away the rest.

Anthony's success soon brings its dangers. He becomes less particular about his preaching in the holiday season—a fact which is painfully brought home to him by the outspoken words of Tim the shoemaker.

Fever breaks out in a poor district of Workingham, and several of the members of Anthony's church are down with it. Anthony is afraid to visit them, and when Tim the shoemaker comes to fetch him to the bedside of a dying man, Anthony takes to his bed. The doctor is called in, finds him somewhat run down, and advises a change. The deacons give Anthony three months' leave, and Mr. Bilstone, the auctioneer, invites him to accompany him to Nice.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE WAYS OF WOMEN

"What a strange thing man is, and what a stranger  
Is woman."

**B**EFORE Anthony left for the Riviera he had the satisfaction of knowing that the sick of his flock were being well looked after. Paul Vincent threw himself into the work of his mission with quiet energy and enthusiasm, and added Anthony's work to his own without a complaint. Indeed, he regarded it as an enlargement of his privileges, and an addition to the manifold blessings of his life.

Timothy Jonas, who was a good deal of a cynic notwithstanding his religious zeal, declared that the less a minister had to live upon the better he worked, and the big salaries paid to the clergy were from every point of view a mistake. In proof of which contention he pointed to the curate of St. Mary's, Hugh Colvin, and to Paul Vincent.

Job Penny—who, when he got to the last gasp, began to get better—declared that the salary had nothing to do with the matter;

that it was purely a matter of temperament and conviction.

"Temperament, no!" snorted Tim. "Conviction, yes. But money kills conviction, and luxury makes a man lazy."

"Don't believe it," said Job. "I'm as lazy as they make 'em, and I never had a luxury in my life."

"And a good job for thee," responded Tim. "Thy plain living saved thy life—the doctor told me so."

Job looked up at his companion, and was silent. He could not gainsay what the doctor had said. Moreover, he was only weak yet, a shadow of his former self, and he had no strength to argue with the assertive little cobbler. That Paul Vincent was a faithful and diligent pastor there could be no doubt whatever. That his salary allowed no margin for luxuries was also beyond dispute. But whether there was any connection between the two, who should say?

Paul never troubled himself about his salary. If he had enough to live upon from week to week he was quite content.



## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

As the days passed away he came to the conclusion that his modest one hundred a year was ample for all his requirements; and as he imagined that his expenses would never be more than at present, he had no reason to worry himself on the question of ways and means.

For no reason in particular he had come to the conclusion that he would remain a bachelor to the end of his days. The possibility of falling in love never occurred to him. He had entered upon the work of the ministry with such whole-hearted devotion, that for the moment he had no other desire than to do his work well, and win the commendation of his Master. The "trivial round, the common task" were never irksome to him. Duty was such a pleasant thing that he sometimes wondered if he were in his right place. He found neither cross nor sacrifice. To visit the sick, to preach to the poor, to seek out the lost, were just a daily joy. He had not been in Workingham a fortnight before his face was quite familiar in the Fishpool district. He thought no more of infection than the doctors did—not as much as some of them. Any one who sent for him met with a quick response. The fever broke down all denominational lines. He never raised any question of church or chapel; he was only too thankful to be of service.

That he should fall across Hugh Colvin was inevitable, and equally inevitable that they should discover that they had much in common. If they had stopped to debate questions of creed or ecclesiastical polity, they would have soon found out many points of difference; but when people were sickening and dying on every hand, it was no time for accentuating mere questions of tweedle dee and tweedle dum.

"A great pity your chief broke down so soon," Hugh remarked one day when they met.

"You refer to Mr. Weir?"

"Yes. I cannot speak of him as your vicar, of course, nor of you as his curate. In what relationship do you stand to each other?"

Vincent laughed.

"I really have never considered the question," he said. "I suppose we are colleagues."

"But has he no jurisdiction over you?"

"He may have. I am not clear on the point."

"But you are his assistant?"

"For the time I am doing a portion of his work in addition to my own."

"I hope you will not overdo it, as he seems to have done."

"And what of yourself?" Vincent asked.

"I always take a long holiday in the summer," was the reply.

"But summer is a long way off yet."

"That is true; but I hope I shall be able to hold out. I think it was the brain-work that told on Weir. He had to make three sermons a week, and I have never to do that. Then he seems to be rather highly strung—almost nervous, I should say."

"You know him much better than I do," Vincent answered. "I have only met him two or three times."

"He's immensely popular as a preacher," Colvin remarked after a pause.

"So I suppose. I've never heard him preach myself, but I hear very glowing reports."

"I should not like to be so popular myself."

"No?"

"I should be afraid of losing my soul in rhetoric."

Vincent laughed.

"You see, a man who has made a reputation as a preacher has to live up to it; and think what that means."

"Well, what does it mean?"

"Of course I cannot speak for any one else," Hugh answered. "But if it were my case, I should be always studying sermons with a view to effect, and their bearing on my reputation. I should be in constant terror lest I should fail to reach my own standard. I should be waiting daily on the favour of the critics, and the crowd, and the newspaper men; and then, of course, I should be no longer a minister of Christ."

"I think you are taking a somewhat extreme view," Vincent answered reflectively.

"Perhaps I am," was the reply. "But I cannot help thinking that the 'sermon' is becoming a danger. We are making a kind of fetish of it. We think more of the preaching than we do of worship, and the temptation in the way of the minister to sink everything in the sermon is almost irresistible."

"But you would not deery good sermons, surely?" Vincent questioned.

"But what is a good sermon?" the other asked. "By what standard would you

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judge it? Is it a mere literary or artistic performance for men to applaud, or is it something totally different?"

"Something totally different, I should say. And yet, may not a man be faithful and at the same time artistic, rhetorical, eloquent?"

"Yes, I presume he may be, for after all the truest eloquence is found in the unstudied expression of sincere and passionate conviction. But,"—and Hugh lowered his voice and smiled just a little sadly—"I cannot help thinking, all the same, that the modern sermon is a very real danger and temptation."

Vincent, however, had not reached that stage yet. He was not ambitious for popularity, and he had no reputation for eloquence to maintain. But he had, he honestly believed, a message to deliver, and he delivered it in his own way, with a rugged and unstudied earnestness and sincerity that compelled attention if it did not always secure assent.

After the rounded and graceful periods of Anthony Weir, the preaching of Paul Vincent came as something of a shock to the select and highly-respectable congregation of Martyr Gate. It made a number of the officials, including Mr. Bilstone, feel uncomfortable; it even drew a protest from a number of gifted and highly-sensitive ladies.

On the very afternoon that Mr. Bilstone visited Anthony and unfolded to him his scheme for a little trip to the Riviera, the Ladies' Dorcas Society was assembled in the church parlour of Martyr Gate, intent on a greatly-appreciated work of charity.

There was a larger attendance than usual. Sympathy with their prostrate pastor had drawn them together. There would be a chance of hearing the latest news from him, and an opportunity of discussing the same.

Anthony would have been greatly pleased if he could have heard all the kind things that were said of him that afternoon. It was clear that he had the ladies of the congregation enthusiastically with him. At least, those who spoke were extravagant in their praises; and not a single word was uttered on the other side, and silence under such circumstances is generally taken as evidence of assent.

From talking about Anthony it was only natural that they should go on to talk about his new colleague and assistant. At first,

however, the talk was of a very general and tentative kind. No one seemed willing to commit herself to the expression of any definite opinion.

It was Mrs. Tomms who ultimately took the plunge.

"You all seem afraid to say what you think," she said in a tone that smacked of defiance; "but I never am, as you know. Tomms says it would be a great deal better if I were to keep my opinions to myself sometimes; but that is not my nature."

"Well, and what do you think?" Mrs. Luke questioned somewhat loftily.

"Well, I think he is just the sort of preacher we need. I told Tomms so before we got out of chapel on Sunday morning."

"I can't say that I approve of your judgment," Mrs. Luke remarked after a significant pause.

"Nor I," remarked Miss Jessie.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Bilstone.

"Nor I," added Mrs. Wherry.

Then followed another pause, more significant than the first.

Mrs. Tomms looked round her and smiled broadly, perhaps defiantly. "So I am in a glorious minority of one, am I?" she questioned.

"I think you are often in a minority, Mrs. Tomms," Miss Luke remarked.

"Do you think so, dear?" Mrs. Tomms answered with a tantalising smile.

"If I did not think so I should not say so," Miss Luke replied loftily.

"But no doubt your mother warns you not to say all that you think," Mrs. Tomms answered, still smiling.

Miss Luke jerked herself back in her chair, and began to ply her needle with great rapidity.

Mrs. Tomms was not in the least disconcerted. Seeing that no one else appeared inclined to take up the running she spoke again.

"I hope the deacons will ask Mr. Vincent to occupy the pulpit all the time during Mr. Weir's absence."

"I hope they'll not be such fools," snapped Miss Jessie.

"Mrs. Tomms has a right to her own opinions, of course," Mrs. Bilstone remarked blandly. "But if we were going to stay at home I should protest against it. But as we are going to the Rivvyhera it won't matter to us who preaches."

"I wish I were going," Miss Luke

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remarked. "Do you think Mr. Weir will be well enough to go with you?"

"I think so."

"How nice it will be. What a delightful time you will have."

"We expect to have a lovely time, dear; don't we, Mrs. Butler?"

"I hope so," that little lady remarked quietly, "but of course a great deal depends on the weather, and—and—the kind of people that are there."

"Why, yes, of course," Mrs. Bilstone said with a smile; "for myself, I should never think of associating with anybody but the best people."

At this point a shrill voice was heard remarking on the other side of the room that "Mr. Vincent's sermons might do very well for Burt Street Mission, but were entirely out of place in Martyr Gate."

"Why do you think so, Mrs. Wherry?" It was Rachel Luke who spoke.

"Why do I think so? Because I do. Isn't that sufficient?"

"It may be for you, but——"

"Oh, indeed; well, then, let me say I don't think it is proper that we should be preached to as though we were a company of publicans and sinners. I believe we can all of us pay twenty shillings in the pound."

"I quite endorse your sentiments," called Mrs. Luke across the room. "On a Sunday morning I consider that a sermon should be for the comfort and edification of believers, and not a warning and exhortation to sinners."

"The sinners that most need warning are those who think themselves saints!" said Mrs. Tomms severely.

Several ladies dropped their needles and looked up suddenly, then an uncomfortable silence fell.

Miss Jessie Luke was heard to whisper a little later on that Mrs. Tomms had been brought up among Primitive Methodists, and for that reason allowance should be made.

Mrs. Wherry in her excitement declared, in a loud whisper to Rachel, that "Mrs. Tomms was a 'babble of discord' in their midst."

Rachel replied by getting up from her seat and going across the room and seating herself by the side of Mrs. Tomms.

Mrs. Luke looked thunder and lightning, but failed to catch Rachel's eye. A little later Miss Butler and Mrs. Rook the

doctor's wife came into the room together, and joined Rachel and Mrs. Tomms.

Mrs. Luke prepared herself for a battle royal; but fortunately tea was announced at that moment, and one and all adjourned to a neighbouring vestry.

Paul Vincent, however, did not preach again on the following Sunday, nor on the Sunday following that. The wives of the principal deacons were more emphatic at home than at the Dorcas meeting. Consequently those who had to arrange for supplies during the pastor's absence deemed it prudent to bring into the pulpit, as far as possible, only "safe" men. On week-nights it did not matter so much. In the lecture-room each Wednesday evening Paul Vincent had it all his own way. But the Lukes—excepting Rachel—did not put in an appearance. Neither did the Wherrys nor the Hyphen-Joneses. But Mrs. Tomms came regularly, and brought her husband with her. Came also little Tim and a considerable contingent from the neighbourhood of Burt Street; and came also, to the surprise of everybody, Adela Butler.

Paul did not know who she was, and could not understand the bewildered looks of a considerable section of his congregation when she came up through the hall and seated herself behind the harmonium.

Whispers and puzzled glances were exchanged in all directions. What had happened? How had she not gone abroad with the others? What had induced her to change her plans?

That she meant to go there could be no doubt. She had even started with the others. They had seen her in the train, for a crowd had gone to the station to see their pastor off, and Adela Butler was certainly in the train when it left Workingham Central Station.

Adela appeared to enjoy the bewildered looks of her friends as she surveyed their faces over the top of the harmonium.

At the close of the service Rachel and Mrs. Tomms and a number of others crowded round her, demanding what this re-appearance at Workingham meant.

"Oh, I didn't want to go abroad, that is all," she said, laughing.

"But that explains nothing," said Mrs. Tomms. "You wanted to go when you started!"

"Who told you so? Nobody heard me say that I had the least desire to go!"

"Then why did you start with the others?"

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

"I wanted a day in London to do some shopping, that's all."

"No, it isn't all," Mrs. Tomms said with a pout. "And you are not going to convince us with any such lame excuses. We can see farther than you think."

"Well, Fanny, and how far can you see?" and Adela smiled brightly as she spoke.

"I can see as far as The Firs and Mr. Dick Wembly," was the answer.

"How clever you are," was the bantering reply.

"Of course you will not own to it. But the prospect of not seeing him for so many weeks was too painful."

"And can you blame me, Fanny?" Adela said with a laugh.

"No, dear, I can't blame you in the least. I should do just the same myself if anybody wanted me to go away and leave Tomms at home."

But Mrs. Tomms was not satisfied even yet. Adela's ready acquiescence baffled her. "If she really meant it she would not be so ready to own it," she reflected.

Rachel looked on and listened, and came to the conclusion that it was just possible that Mr. Weir was the cause of her change of plans rather than Dick Wembly.

"But Adela will tell just as much as she wants to tell," she reflected, "and no more."

Adela's unexpected return was a nine-days' wonder in the little circle in which she moved, and then the subject was allowed to drop. But no one was able to explain the riddle.

### CHAPTER XIV.—A NEW EXPERIENCE

"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them."

ANTHONY'S chagrin was beyond expression when at Charing Cross Station Adela announced that she was going no farther.

"Going no farther!" said Mrs. Bilstone, aghast. "Why, my dear—" But the good woman's surprise and disappointment were too great for words—she could only lift her hands in speechless deprecation.

"You are surely joking, Miss Adela," the auctioneer said in his breezy way. "You will not deprive us of your cheery presence."

"I fear I must," Adela said, laughing. "My duty lies in another direction."

Mrs. Bilstone turned appealingly to Mrs. Butler. "You will not let her leave us in

this way, will you, dear?" she urged, almost with tears.

But the little lady gave her no satisfaction. "Adela always goes her own way," she said, beaming, "and we know better than try to prevent her."

Anthony looked on, too annoyed and disappointed to speak. He had looked forward to having Adela for the next week or two almost wholly to himself. But for that prospect he would never have consented to take his holidays now. He had reflected that Mr. Bilstone would have to look after his wife, that the Alderman would have to look after Mrs. Butler, and that therefore Adela would fall to his care.

He had pictured to himself long walks with her among the hills or along the seashore. He would get to know her better, would win her confidence little by little, would break through the shield of reserve behind which she hid herself so frequently, would interest her in his plans and ambitions, and so, perhaps, before they returned would get on sufficiently intimate terms, and be sufficiently in love with her, to make it easy to propose to her.

Now all his plans were suddenly knocked on the head, his little game was spoiled—and spoiled by a woman's wilfulness. What was the meaning of it? Had she divined his purpose?—and he grew hot all over.

At any rate she should not see how chagrined he was. He would hide his anger and disappointment behind a pleasant smile.

On the platform all was bustle and excitement. The ticket-collectors at the last minute were examining all the tickets. Adela stood outside the carriage door looking happy and unconcerned.

When the tickets had been examined and the door locked she came forward and spoke through the open window.

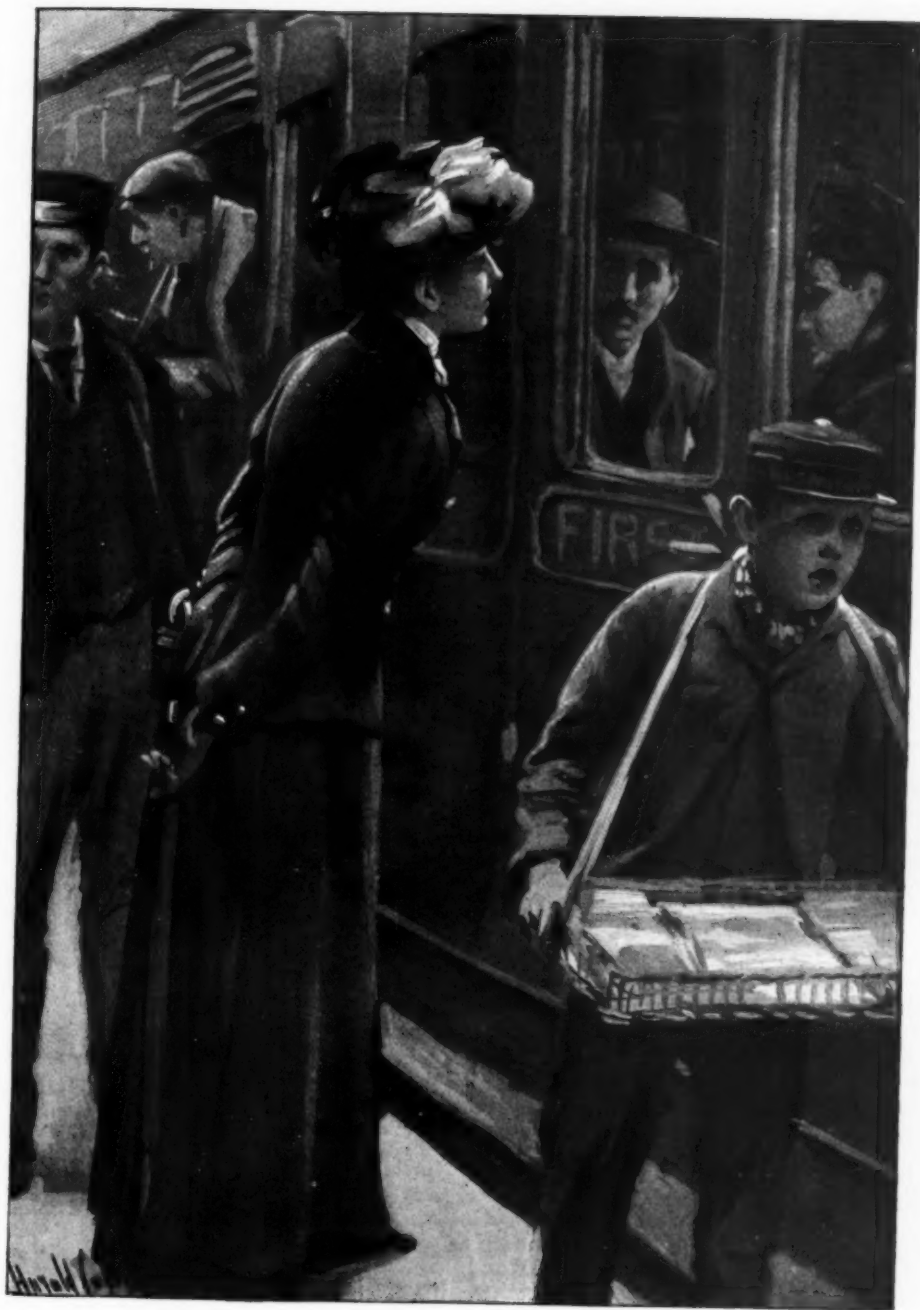
"I shall have a lovely day shopping when you are gone," she said. "I hope you will all have a pleasant journey."

"Don't forget to forward my letters," the Alderman said from his corner on the far side of the carriage.

"And be sure there's no mistake made with the wall-paper in the best bedroom," Mrs. Butler interrupted.

"And keep us well posted up with news about Martyr Gate," Anthony struggled to say at last. "And—and—" (the carriage was beginning to move)—"I hope you will enjoy your shopping."

"I'm sure to do that," she called. "Good-



"I HOPE YOU WILL ALL HAVE A PLEASANT JOURNEY"



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bye, and a good time." She waved her hand, strained her eyes for another minute after the retreating train, then turned away and hailed a cab, and drove into Oxford Street.

It took Anthony a couple of days to recover from his annoyance; then he began to enjoy himself. It was his first trip abroad, and everything was so fresh and novel and interesting, that all small disappointments were easily put aside and forgotten.

The hotel in which he found himself lodged seemed a veritable palace. He had never seen anything like it before; never imagined that such lavish luxury was possible; never considered in what manifold ways wealth and idleness might disport themselves. At first it seemed almost like a dream of fairyland, or a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights." He was bewildered by the crowd of fashionable loungers, and yet charmed by the gay and gorgeous scene.

They reached the hotel a little before the dinner-hour, and found the huge hall thronged by men and women in evening dress. For a moment Anthony hesitated on the threshold. He felt out of place; his travel-stained clothes seemed to present a sorry contrast. His simple manner of life had taken nothing like this into account.

He followed Mr. Bilstone almost like one in a dream. The auctioneer was not in the least disconcerted. He had been in the habit of staying at big hotels, and so felt perfectly at home. Their rooms had been engaged beforehand. The Alderman had stayed there so often that he was welcomed by the manager with effusion. Their rooms were at the front overlooking the sea; beautiful rooms—lofty, airy, and well furnished.

Dinner was at seven. They had plenty of time to dress for the function. Half-an-hour later Anthony descended the broad marble stairs in his best clerical suit. The hall was more crowded than ever; the buzz of conversation filled the air, diamonds blazed and flashed in the electric lights. Low-dressed beauties walked up and down in animated conversation, be-cuffed and be-collared youths lolled in easy-chairs in the shade of drooping palms. Men of the world stood with their hands in their pockets, discussing stocks, or the latest from Monte Carlo.

Anthony halted before reaching the foot of the stairs and surveyed the scene. He

was intensely interested, and yet felt strangely out of place. The ideal life he had so often preached bore no resemblance to this. All these people seemed to be saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Suddenly the sound of low-toned musical chimes from a large clock in the hall broke in upon the hum of conversation, and a minute or two later the crowd began to melt away through an open door.

It was the signal for dinner, and he began to look up and down the hall for his friends. They appeared at length coming from the lift. The Alderman and his wife led the way into the dining-room. A waiter quickly took charge of them and conducted them to their table; a band was discoursing sweet music as they walked up the room. Anthony was not absolutely certain that he was quite wide awake.

From his seat against the wall he looked off upon the scene. He was frightfully hungry, and yet was too interested to think about it. The glitter of silver and glass, the flash of diamonds, the wealth of flowers, the shimmer of silks and satins, the types of beauty—and of ugliness also—for the moment fascinated him and made him oblivious to his own wants.

The auctioneer was in the best possible spirits, and suggested a bottle of champagne before the soup was cleared away.

"We need a pick-me-up," he said, "after so long a journey."

"As you will," said the Alderman with a smile. "I shall content myself with a glass of claret."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Bilstone; "you had better join me in something a little dryer than that. What think you, Mrs. Butler?"

"My husband sticks to his old customs," she said.

Mr. Bilstone looked a trifle annoyed, but ordered his champagne forthwith. Anthony—considering he was still an invalid—inclined to the more invigorating beverage, and under its influence soon came to the conclusion that he was quite wide awake, and was very much enjoying himself.

Dinner over, the diners for the most part adjourned to the conservatory, which opened off the hall, forming one huge apartment. Here coffee was served, and liqueurs in tiny glasses. Here, also, the band came, and stationed themselves in the centre.



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"IT'S LIKE A BIT OUT OF THE 'ARABIAN NIGHTS,'" SAID ANTHONY

Here the gentlemen lighted their cigars, and in a few minutes Anthony looked out upon fairyland again, but of a somewhat different kind.

He was feeling more at his ease. Throwing himself into a basket-chair he lighted a cigar, and for awhile watched the smoke rising through the green foliage above him, and listened in dreamy fashion to the sweet strains of the band.

The ladies of his party had gone to their rooms to complete their unpacking. Mr. Bilstone and the Alderman were in earnest conversation on the other side of a wicker table; the aroma of coffee and tobacco-smoke filled the air.

"This is delicious," Anthony said to himself, half closing his eyes, and blinking at the many-coloured lights that twinkled in all directions. He had partaken of a sumptuous dinner, had warmed his heart with Mr. Bilstone's wine, and now, under

the influence of an expensive cigar, he was disposed to look at the world with a friendly eye, and to excuse much that under other circumstances he might have condemned.

"Yes," he went on, "this is the very perfection of enjoyment. And why shouldn't we enjoy ourselves if we can afford it? Of course, if people can't afford it they must do without it. But really, I never imagined anything quite so luxurious as this. I should like to come here every year, or to some place like it."

"Of course it is expensive," he continued after a pause, "and a hundred pounds are gone in no time. A minister's salary of itself would scarcely run to it. But—well, I must not marry poverty, that is the long and the short of it," and he laughed softly to himself.

Then a cloud swept over his face. He was back in Charing Cross Station again,

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and Adela Butler was announcing that she was not going any farther.

"What did that whim of hers mean?" he said to himself. "What object had she in changing her plans? What influence had been brought to bear upon her? Did she object to my company, I wonder?"

Then the band struck up a dreamy and ravishing waltz, and under the influence of its beguiling strains he quickly forgot Adela and her whims.

"Well, what do you think of this, Mr. Weir?" the auctioneer said to him from across the low table.

"It's like a bit out of the 'Arabian Nights,'" Anthony answered. "I hardly imagined that comfort could be carried to such perfection."

"It'll look a bit different in the morning, I expect," was the reply. "Still, I fancy we shall be able to put up with it for a week or two."

"I have been wondering if I should ever tire of it," Anthony answered, nodding his head slowly to the strains of the waltz.

"Wait till you get your normal strength back, and then I expect you will be impatient to get to your work again."

"I hope I may," Anthony said with a laugh, "for just at present I feel as if I never wanted to work again."

"Ah, my friend, you have had a bigger shaking than you think," Mr. Bilstone said, kindly and sympathetically; "a much bigger shaking. And if you won't think me rude, I would suggest that you go to bed early and get a long night's rest."

"Very wise counsel," was the smiling reply. "And I will carry it out, for I am in danger of forgetting that I am a semi-invalid."

In saying this there was no shadow of hypocrisy at the back of it. Anthony honestly and sincerely believed that he had escaped a very serious illness. What at first he was disposed to regard as moral cowardice he was now fully convinced was a symptom of nervous prostration. The difference between himself and Hugh Colvin was the difference between health and sickness. Hugh was perfectly well; therefore he had no fear of fever or anything else. He, on the contrary, without knowing it, was ill; hence his dread of all kinds of infection.

It was a comfortable reflection with which to retire to his clean mosquito-cur-

tained bed; and for eight uncounted hours he slept the sleep of the just.

On the third day after their arrival the Bilstones engaged a two-horse carriage, and the three of them drove over the hills by the Corniche road to Monte Carlo. It was a perfect day, with a crisp, cool air blowing off the hills. Not a single cloud obscured the sunshine. The Mediterranean Sea was as intensely blue as the sky itself, and stretched away under the mighty dome with a suggestion of infinite distance. The many curves of the coast-line opened up delightful vistas as they drove along, while northward, glimpses of snow-clad mountains added greatly to the charms of the varied and far-reaching prospect.

Anthony was in the best of spirits. So far, excepting the absence of Adela Butler, there had been nothing to mar his pleasure, and even that annoyance was gradually ceasing to trouble him. He was not so much in love with Adela that he pined greatly for her company. Had she not been an heiress he would not have pined at all.

On reaching the heights overlooking Monte Carlo they halted for awhile, so that they might enjoy to the full a scene that in its way is unequalled in Europe.

"I never saw anything before that could compare with it," Anthony said, drawing a deep breath. "I don't wonder that people travel who can afford it."

"Might be a bit of paradise, mightn't it?" the auctioneer questioned, smiling broadly.

"Indeed it might," Anthony answered. "And yet they say it's more like the other place." And Mr. Bilstone's smile broke into a laugh.

"There can be no doubt as to the physical beauty of the place," Anthony said quietly and slowly. "Indeed, it is a perfect paradise."

"Very likely we shall think differently when we get a nearer view," Mr. Bilstone answered, and then they drove on again.

To Anthony the nearer view proved as bewitching as the more distant one. After a quiet saunter through the gardens they entered the Casino, and in a very few minutes the young minister stood entranced—spell-bound—watching the play at the roulette-tables. He was conscious that for the first time in his life he was face to face with a new temptation. In his pulpit ministrations he

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had often denounced gambling as one of the most pernicious vices of the age, and had urged the young men of his congregation to shun it as they would shun a pestilence. Yet now, as he stood watching the crowd of eager and excited men and women sitting and standing round the tables, listened to the click, click of the ivory balls as they dropped into their places, and watched the markers rake in the heaps of gold and then fling out the coins to the various winners—the moral or immoral aspect of the question seemed to pass completely from his mind: the chance of winning a heap of gold seemed to dominate every other consideration.

He got no farther than the first table. He heard Mr. Bilstone say something about going into the concert-room to hear the band—very likely they had gone. He wanted to hear no band just then—the click of the ivory and the chink of gold were music enough for him. Steadily he edged nearer the table until he stood in the second row—the front row had seats. Now he could see all the players and all the chances of the game. What a picture it was! He felt himself thrilling with excitement to the finger-tips. The sight of so much gold fascinated him: the lust of the precious metal was gaining violent possession. It was a latent fire that only smouldered before, now it leaped into a blaze; his fingers itched to clutch some of those bright napoleons that were piled in heaps in front of him, his heart throbbed with a passionate desire to increase his small fortune.

In front of him sat a little shabby, unkempt man, who was having a run of luck. He might have had the power of determining into what number the ball should drop, so persistently did the chances run in his favour. With each sweep of the croupier a very considerable heap of gold fell to his share. With long and not particularly clean fingers he piled up the shining heaps in front of him. A great crowd stood round, watching and making comments—for the whisper soon runs through the rooms if any player is having a run of luck. But the little gambler took no notice of any one, nor did he betray the least excitement. Time after time the roulette spun with pleasant hum, and every time he was on the winning number.

Anthony watched him with growing interest and excitement, and wondered at his

calmness and composure. In appearance he looked a poor man, to whom a hundred pounds would be a fortune, and yet he was staking large sums with the easy indifference of a millionaire. Anthony's fingers itched to stake the few napoleons he had in his pocket, but something, he knew not what, restrained him. It seemed a perfectly legitimate thing to do. Others were doing it—why should not he?

He dived his hand into his pocket and took out his purse. He might stake a small sum, at any rate, just to try his luck.

Then the little man in front of him rose suddenly to his feet and turned his back on the table. A dozen people were ready to take his place, but Anthony was nearest.

"You can have my seat, sir, if you want to play," he said, looking up into Anthony's face. "I'm getting tired, but I have won a thousand pounds to-day."

### CHAPTER XV.—THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

"See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise."

ANTHONY was edging himself into the vacant seat when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and turning his head quickly, he encountered the somewhat puzzled gaze of Mr. Bilstone.

"What are you doing here so long?" he questioned in a whisper.

Anthony recovered himself instantly.

"I was making way for this gentleman to get out," he said.

"Yes, that is all right," said Mr. Bilstone a little tartly; "but do you intend to stand at this table all day?"

"I have been here only a few minutes," Anthony said, getting clear away from the press round the table. "I was interested in watching the game."

"I should think so. Do you know how long you have been watching it?"

"No; I have not counted the minutes," Anthony answered in a tone of irritation; "but I came here on purpose to see what there is to be seen. Every phase of life is interesting to the student of human nature."

"Well, there is a good deal of human nature in this place, no doubt," the auctioneer said with a short laugh. "And you have been studying it for a full hour on end."

"Oh, nonsense! You mean ten minutes

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at the outside," Anthony answered, pulling out his watch.

"I think your watch will tell you that I mean what I say," was the reply. "Mother is waiting outside pining for her lunch."

"I'm very sorry," Anthony answered, looking distressed. "I had no idea that we had been here so long. Let us hurry out to her at once."

After lunch Anthony suggested that they should return again to the Casino, but Mr. Bilstone demurred.

"The truth is, I don't like the atmosphere of the place," he said.

"Indeed! I did not notice anything," Anthony replied; "it did not appear to me at all too warm."

"It was a great deal too warm for me, at any rate," was the reply; "but not in the sense you mean."

"Oh, I see," Anthony answered, flushing slightly. "And yet, as far as I could see, every one was very well behaved."

The auctioneer did not answer for several minutes. He was busy cutting off the end of a cigar, an operation which appeared to require considerable ingenuity.

"Well, it's this way with me," he said at length. "You may feel differently, for you have been surrounded by different influences; but in that place the very itch gets into my fingers, and I want to be on the job with the rest."

"You object to the play, of course?" Anthony questioned after a momentary pause.

"Well, I'm not certain that my moral scruples are as strong as they ought to be on that point," the auctioneer said, applying a match to his cigar. "But, morality aside, I can see clearly enough that any man is a fool to run the risk of catching the gambling fever that is running hot and strong in yon place," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of the Casino.

"It was a study to watch the people's faces," Anthony said indifferently.

"Ay—and a revelation," was the reply. "Did you ever see so much passion and greed and despair written on human faces before?"

"I did not look at a great many faces," Anthony answered slowly. "To tell you the truth, I was too interested in watching the chances of the game; but certainly the faces in front of me told their story very plainly."

"And what did you think were the

chances of the game?" the auctioneer questioned.

"Well, it was not easy to judge. A good many people lost, no doubt—some more, some less. But the shabby little man that I made way for to get out told me that he had won a thousand pounds to-day."

"Very likely. And it is cases like that that tempt other fools who are loitering about to risk their money."

"But a great many people must win from time to time," Anthony said, following the auctioneer's example, and lighting a cigar.

"No doubt. But don't you see that a great many more must lose? Anybody with the least brain for calculation can see at a glance that the bank has half-a-dozen chances and more to everybody else's one."

"I don't quite see that," Anthony answered.

"Then, if you can't see it, it is of no use my trying to convince you," Mr. Bilstone answered with a short laugh. "But there is another argument that ought to convince everybody. Look at this beautiful place; at these gardens; at that huge building with all its attendants; at that magnificent band, which is said to be the finest in Europe, and which must cost several hundred pounds a week. Look across yonder at Monaco, where the Prince lives; and think of the huge revenue he draws out of this place. Think, also, of the huge sums the company pays every year in dividends, and then ask where does all the money come from? The players keep the whole thing going. One man wins, but twenty lose. It is inevitable. The thing is a huge swindle from top to bottom, and the man that supports it is a fool. That's my opinion, Mr. Weir, and I shall try to live up to it."

"You are no doubt quite right, Mr. Bilstone," Anthony answered with a smile. "A place like this cannot be kept up on nothing."

"And yet," said the auctioneer, seating himself on a garden chair and looking out over the shining waters of the Mediterranean, "there's a fascination about the whole business that is almost irresistible. To tell you the candid truth, I'm going to keep away from the place: the atmosphere of it is too warm for me."

Anthony laughed, then turned to Mrs. Bilstone and began to discuss the luxuriance of semi-tropical vegetation.



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They drove home by the lower road along the edge of the sea, but conversation flagged somehow during the journey, nor did it revive again till they found themselves seated with the Butlers at the dinner-table.

For a full week nothing more was said about Monte Carlo. They went through it by train in little excursions they made to Mentone and Bordighera; but no one suggested another visit to the Casino, and Anthony had not the courage to make the suggestion himself. He and Mr. Bilstone, being the most active members of the party, took long rambles among the hills, and visited quaint villages perched on the top of precipitous slopes, and examined with the eyes of military experts the long lines of fortifications, and declared when they returned to the hotel, tired and dusty, that they had enjoyed themselves immensely. Nevertheless, Anthony was not able to resist the feeling that a day at Monte Carlo was worth two days anywhere else.

The tide of fashionable life was at its flood all along the Riviera. The huge hotels were crowded; the restaurants did a roaring trade. Anthony studied the phase of life that was daily and nightly presented to his gaze with great interest and with increasing charity. There was something in it that appealed to a long-dormant instinct in his nature. From a highly moral standpoint it might seem a vain and inglorious waste of time and talent and opportunity; but he was not in a highly moral mood. He had come out to recruit his health and to enjoy himself generally, and now and then he was inclined to chafe under the limitations of his purse, and the necessity that would soon arise for his return to the scene of his toils.

Night after night, as he sat in the shadow of the palms and listened in dreamy delight to the strains of the band, and blinked at the blue wreaths of smoke that curled above his head, or cast furtive glances now and then at the fashionable loungers who laughed and flirted on every side, he felt envious of the people who were able to live such a life all the year round. These people, judging by their appearance, had no occasion to trouble about money: their income, most likely, was larger than they could possibly spend. An income, too, that came to them without effort, and without even taking thought, while he was com-

pelled to grub from year's end to year's end for his modest pittance.

The point of view makes all the difference. A few months ago his salary had seemed quite princely. The quiet dwellers of Sanlogan, he knew, regarded him as a rich man, and even among his ministerial brethren he was looked upon as one of the fortunate few. But here in this fashionable crowd, where diamonds seemed almost as plentiful as the dust, and the richest food and the most expensive wines were the order of the day, a hundred pounds seemed as nothing. Instead of being thankful that he had so much, he was dissatisfied that he had so little.

So evermore, in spite of himself, his thoughts turned in the direction of money, and to the chances of increasing the little he had. The teaching of his father was beginning to bear fruit. A man might *exist* on a pound a week, but if he was to *live*, in any true sense of the word, he must have money—and plenty of it.

Now and then as beautiful faces flashed upon him, he thought of sweet-eyed Phillis Day, but only for a few moments. With resolute hand he put her image aside. To love poverty was foolish enough, but to marry it would be madness. He had not been abroad a fortnight before he had fully made up his mind that if he could not marry Adela Butler, then he would marry some other woman who had money. A life of poverty, even with love to sweeten it, he believed would not be worth living.

The fine weather broke at last, and was followed by dark, miserable days of rain and cold. All outdoor excursions were brought to a sudden end. The roads were like quagmires. The sea turned to a dull lead colour. The stunted date-palms shivered and dripped in the cold north-east wind. The grey olive and eucalyptus trees drooped their leaves in utter melancholy. Anthony tried to make himself comfortable in the smoking-room with a book and a pipe. The Bilstones joined the Butlers in their private room, and grew oblivious to the weather and to the flight of time over exciting rubbers of whist.

Anthony assured them that he was no whist-player, and that he was quite content to be left alone. Indeed, he hinted that it would be a convenience to be left alone occasionally, as he had a good deal of writing to do. So the elderly people enjoyed their whist without a thought of Anthony.

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But after a couple of days of rainy weather time began to hang heavy on his hands. Moreover, his thoughts turned instinctively to the brilliant rooms of the Casino at Monte Carlo. What was to hinder him running over by train? If he did not care to watch the players he might go and listen to the band. He had not heard it yet, and it would never do for him to return to England and say that he had never been into the famous concert-room.

He went into the smoke-room and looked at a time-table. There was a train in twenty minutes; that would fit exactly. The Butlers and Bilstones would never miss him—they were already deep in the chances of whist. A few minutes later he was hurrying up to the railway station, attired in a grey unclerical suit.

What spirit was it that possessed him? He did not know, and he did not very much care. He had come away for rest and change, and it was his duty to see life, to study character, to gather up material for future use. So he told himself, and with such sophistry he tried to hide the truth from his own eyes. Moreover, he argued, he was a full-grown man, and quite able to take care of himself; and even if he should be inclined to try his fortune and risk a napoleon or two on the chances of the wheel, what then? Who would be harmed thereby? Of course, were he in England such a thought would not occur to him. But at Monte Carlo everybody tried his luck, if only for the fun of the thing. Gambling was not in the letter, but in the spirit. A man might gamble, if he had the gambling spirit in him, at a charity bazaar. So in this way he communed with himself as the train bore him swiftly along.

He had forgotten all about the band long before he reached the Casino. He walked across the gardens from the railway station at a rapid pace. He knew that he was dominated by a spirit that was wholly evil, and that he had not the courage to fight it and trample upon it. He knew that if he gave way to the temptation it would weaken his moral fibre, and that if the fact became known in Workingham it would damage and perhaps wholly destroy his influence with the young men of his congregation; yet he never for a moment hesitated, never once entertained the thought of turning back.

He might win in an afternoon sufficient to pay all the expenses of his trip. He might have a run of luck equal to that of the little man he had seen ten days previously. Fancy returning to Nice with a thousand pounds in his pocket; and fancy the possibilities enshrined in a thousand pounds!

He almost caught his breath when the click of the roulette-balls fell on his ear, and his right hand went into his pocket and clutched his purse. The fever that had attacked so many people to their utter undoing was raging hot in his veins, a strange ecstasy seemed to run through every fibre of his body. His moral sense for the moment was submerged in the lust for gold. He might be a rich man if fortune only favoured him, and rich without the trouble of working for it.

The rooms were so crowded that he found it impossible to get near any of the tables: the wretched weather had driven nearly everybody into the Casino. He tried to get near one table after another, but those who had secured a point of vantage were not in the humour to budge. He would have to take his place at the outer edge of the crowd and work his way slowly toward the centre.

At length he got near enough to see, and his fingers began to twitch with excitement. The shining heaps of gold fascinated him. The play never slackened for an instant; the chink of gold was incessant. The players were unconscious of the watching crowd; their eyes were bright and their cheeks red with the fever that raged in their veins.

Anthony craned his neck and waited for any opening that might appear.

Suddenly a mere youth rose from his chair with ashen lips and cheeks pale as a corpse. He had staked his last coin and lost. For this catastrophe he had prepared himself. Quick as thought he drew a pistol from his pocket and put the muzzle into his mouth. But the hand of a companion who had been watching him was quick also. Before he could pull the trigger, the pistol was knocked from his grasp and sent to the other end of the room.

Then two or three of the officials surrounded him, and he was led out of the room. For several moments the play was suspended, and a buzz of conversation broke the tense silence of the room. Then the crowd closed up again, and the play went on as before.



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Anthony drew back with a strange pain clutching at his heart. He had been nearer witnessing a tragedy than ever before in his life, and the proximity of it sobered him, and cooled the fever that had been raging in his veins.

Turning back into the outer room, he sat down in a recess and breathed hard. The ashen face and despairing look of the

somebody's son. Some mother's heart was yearning for him at that moment. He was a comely youth also; no lines of evil were yet written upon his face. With proper guidance and care he might yet make his mark in the world. But who was to look after him so far away from his home?

"I am a minister," Anthony said to himself, "and the welfare of all young men



ANTHONY CRANED HIS NECK AND WAITED

youth haunted him. Surely these gilded rooms were the very vestibule of hell.

Then what was he doing there? He, a minister of the gospel, whose business it was not only to point out the path of righteousness, but to lead the way!

The youth had been checked from his mad purpose for a moment, but who was to prevent him taking his life in some other way? Who was to look after him in this land of temptation and lies? And he was

should be my chief concern. I ought to go in search of him. I ought to help him if possible, and save him——"

From the adjoining room came the click of ivory. Gold by the handful was being won and lost.

"But he is nothing to me," Anthony went on. "He has evidently some friends or companions with him. It is their place to look after him, and not mine. And I want the chance of trying my luck. That dirty

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little fellow made a thousand the other day, and what's to hinder me?"

Then a woman, young, and handsomely dressed, swayed slowly past him. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, her whole manner bordering on the hysterical. She might have won, she might have lost.

"She is losing her womanhood in any case," Anthony said to himself, "and her self-control. But what am I to do?"

Without knowing it he was fighting the fiercest and most momentous battle of his life. He had reached the parting of the ways without being aware of the fact. The next step he took would be fraught with issues infinitely farther reaching than he had any conception of.

What should that step be?

### CHAPTER XVI.—PERPLEXITY

"We will be friends;

For we are one in heart and sympathy."

THE machinery of Martyr Gate Church worked so smoothly and prosperously during the absence of the pastor, that the deacons met after he had been away a month and passed an unanimous resolution urging him on no account to return until he was perfectly restored to health, and assuring him that, thanks to Mr. Vincent, no part of the church organisation was being neglected.

It is an ill wind, they say, that does not blow good to somebody, and Paul Vincent discovered that the temporary indisposition of the pastor of Martyr Gate gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a number of very nice people, whom otherwise he would probably never have known at all. And yet, so persistently and consistently are our gains discounted in this present evil world, and so true is it that there is no blessing without a compensating bane—even he found that the opportunity which he embraced so eagerly was fraught with perils he had not dreamed of. Among the nice people he became acquainted with, the most delightful of them all was Rachel Luke; and so perverse are the ways of fate, that she of all people became the source of his greatest misery.

Paul happened to call on the Lukes on one afternoon when Mrs. Luke and her two daughters were out making calls, so that it fell to the lot of Rachel to entertain him. This she was nothing loth to do. It was a pleasant break in the monotony

of her daily life. She rarely went out with the others; she was given to understand in many little ways that she was not wanted, and quite as frequently she discovered that she was not wanted on Mrs. Luke's "at home" days.

Rachel never resented this treatment. Indeed she felt that Mrs. Luke was very kind in treating her with so much consideration as she did. For as Mrs. Luke one day said to her—

"You know, Rachel, you are no relative of mine. You are simply my husband's niece."

"Yes, I understand," Rachel said meekly. "You are all very kind to me, and I hope I am not ungrateful."

"Not that it would make any difference if you were my own brother's child," Mrs. Luke went on, without noticing Rachel's remark; "though they do say that blood is thicker than water. Nevertheless, a true Christian should do her duty under all circumstances."

"I wonder if she means that for me or for herself," Rachel reflected, and not being able to decide she held her peace.

"It is unfortunate for you in some respects," Mrs. Luke went on, "that you have not, like Adela Butler, a fortune in your own right. Were that the case, you would be able, of course, to take your place in society."

Mrs. Luke paused, and Rachel said, "Yes, aunt."

"I am not sure, however, that such a thing would be an unmixed blessing," Mrs. Luke resumed at length. "I have read somewhere in the Bible—or is it in the Prayer-book?—my memory is really very treacherous—that sweet are the uses of adversity."

Rachel did her best not to smile, and after Mrs. Luke had fanned herself she indulged in sundry other moral reflections, all intended to convince Rachel, if she was not already convinced, that she ought to consider herself very fortunate in being allowed in the drawing-room at all.

Rachel cared very little whether she went into the drawing-room or no. Many of her aunt's friends were nothing to her taste, and she was frequently more glad than not to escape from the vapid talk and scandal that went on over afternoon tea on Mrs. Luke's "at home" days.

There were a few people who always avoided these state occasions, among the

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rest being Adela Butler, and Mrs. Tomms, and the Rev. Anthony Weir; and nothing pleased Rachel better than that one or the other of these should call when Mrs. and the Misses Luke were returning the calls of their friends.

Rachel received Paul Vincent a little shyly, for in addition to his being a stranger, he seemed stern and cold in his manner.

Paul had none of the tact of Anthony, and in the presence of ladies he generally showed to the least advantage. What seemed coldness was in reality shyness. He had never been used to women, and somehow they overawed him; for that reason he kept out of their way as much as possible. There was one other reason: his only brother, several years older than himself, had married a vixen, and had suffered martyrdom ever since.

Paul congratulated himself on the fact that women repelled rather than attracted him. He had to admit that he was not a woman's man. He felt shy and nervous before them, and generally said the wrong thing at the wrong time, and in the wrong place. As a pastor he knew that this was a serious drawback, though on the other hand it saved him from the temptation of squandering his time and influence in meaningless flirtations—a temptation to which young ministers were peculiarly prone.

Rachel was very glad of the opportunity of studying the young minister at close quarters. She was one of the few who liked his preaching; his strong, rugged, roughly-cut sentences pleased her very much more than Anthony's polished and eloquent speech. He seemed to her a man of conviction and of absolute sincerity, who was so absorbed in the great work of his life, that the petty and trivial things that fretted and vexed other people passed by him unnoticed.

Perhaps she was mistaken. Perhaps his stern pulpit utterances were no index of the man himself. Anyhow, she had an opportunity at last of finding out, and she resolved to make the most of it. Some people have to exert themselves to please and to be agreeable. It was never an effort to Rachel. She could not help it. It was as natural for her to please as for a bird to sing.

Paul Vincent looked wretchedly uncomfortable and perplexed during the first few

minutes. He was infinitely more afraid of young women than old ones, and less at ease with pretty girls than plain ones, and here he was actually alone with absolutely the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He felt that the proper thing to do would be to express his regret that Mrs. Luke and her daughters were out, and then beat as hasty a retreat as possible. Why he did not do it he could not understand for the life of him.

Rachel read his face like a book, and pitied him. This big, strong, shy, awkward man appealed to her sympathy at once.

"It is good of you to call," she said. "All the others are out, and I was feeling quite lonely. Do you ever feel like that?"

"No, I can't say that I do," he said slowly; "that is—well, you see—well, just at present I am kept very busy, don't you see; and one can never feel very lonely with his hands full, can he?" He felt that he was getting on very well, and smiled pleasantly.

Rachel noted the smile, and liked it. It wasn't a smile manufactured for the occasion.

"It is rather hard on you, that almost directly you came you should have to do double duty," she said, taking a seat on the opposite side of the fire-place.

"Oh! I don't mind in the least," he answered, glancing shyly across at her. The firelight was playing on her hair, and throwing a tinge of colour on her cheeks and chin. "But she is pretty," he reflected, "exceedingly pretty,"—then aloud, "Then, you see, taking Mr. Weir's work for awhile gives me—well—an opportunity of knowing a good many people that I should not otherwise get to know."

"Yes, it is an advantage, certainly. I did not think of that. We don't belong to your flock, do we?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," he said, turning away his head and staring into the fire. "My flock are mainly in the neighbourhood of Burt Street."

"And will you like your work there, do you think?"

"I like my work anywhere," he answered abruptly. "I don't think the place should make any difference."

"But it is pleasanter working in a good neighbourhood than in a poor one, is it not?" she questioned.

"What makes work pleasant is the knowledge that good is growing out of it.

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To toil on year after year and feel that you are doing nothing—that is the worst fate I can think of."

"But isn't it possible that people may be doing lots of good without knowing it? And isn't it possible also that people may think they are accomplishing great things, just because they are making a sensation, and yet in reality may be doing no real or abiding work?"

For several moments he did not reply, but he looked at her with a new interest. "She's more than a sweet-faced girl," he thought to himself, "she's a sober-minded little woman. I think I shall enjoy talking to her; and really I'm getting on very well."

"I have no doubt there is truth in what you suggest," and he smiled broadly.

"He's almost handsome when he smiles," she reflected; "I'm not sure that he is not handsome at any time. What a strong, resolute face he has."

"We are so much in danger of being carried away by mere appearances," she said aloud; "and then I suppose we look at things from different standpoints. I hear uncle and aunt talking about evidences of prosperity—you know what I mean—real spiritual prosperity—when to me all the evidence points in the other direction."

"Ah!" and he smiled again.

"What a wise little head she has at the back of that pretty face," was the mental note he made.

"No doubt appearances are often very deceptive," and he stared once more into the fire. He felt that the objective and the subjective were getting somewhat mixed.

"I feel sometimes that I am quite a heathen," she went on in a sudden effusion of confidence.

"No?" And he sat bolt upright and stared at her.

"I do, indeed, Mr. Vincent. I'm afraid I can't explain things, but I feel constantly that I'm just a rank outsider."

"Just try to explain things," he said kindly, and there seemed to be a sympathetic note in his voice that she had never heard before. "Perhaps, you know, I might be able to help you."

"I wish you could," she answered frankly. "But I incidentally mentioned the matter to Mr. Weir a week or two ago, and he did not help me a bit; indeed, I thought

he was not over-pleased—but then he was not well at the time."

"Well, I am in excellent health," he laughed, "and I promise you that I shall be quite pleased."

"I dare say you will think I am very uncharitable," she said seriously. "And I dare say I am, and I'm really ashamed to make any profession of religion at all. And the worst of it is that what you call the church doesn't help me."

"But why not?" he said slowly.

"Oh, I dare say it is all my fault. But everybody talks about the church prospering as they do about a business prospering. We are getting heaps of money at Martyr Gate, and big congregations, and lots of moneyed folks have taken pews, and we've grown terribly respectable, and we don't want any poor people to come; and we are just eaten up with pride and self-importance and uncharitableness. I'm afraid I'm only a little worse than the rest in the last respect. The saved people pay a lot of money to be pleased every Sunday. The unsaved and the folks who want preaching to don't come near the place, and the good folks who do attend are so touchy that unless you dilute the gospel terribly they take offence; and really it doesn't seem a bit like the religion of the New Testament."

Paul leaned back in his chair and stared. This sweet-faced maiden with soft, earnest eyes had almost taken his breath away. He did not know what to say. He had been oppressed by a similar feeling himself more than once.

Rachel lifted her earnest eyes to his and waited for him to speak.

"I'm afraid the subject is too big for us to discuss just now," he said at length. "I should like to talk the matter over with you another time."

Rachel's face fell in a moment. It was the reply of Mr. Weir over again. He saw the look of disappointment that came into her eyes, and he wanted in some way to reassure her; but he lacked the ready skill to do it.

The next moment one of the maids came in, bringing afternoon tea, and the conversation that followed was about nothing in particular.

That was the beginning of Paul Vincent's acquaintance with Rachel—an acquaintance that gave him a good deal of unrest and anxiety. As the days passed away he



## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

found himself trying to make all kinds of lame excuses for calling on the Lukes. And when Wednesday evenings came round, he discovered that he was infinitely more concerned about the presence or absence of Rachel Luke than about all the other members of the congregation put together. Her doubts filled him with perplexity. Her face came up before him constantly; her voice sometimes haunted him in his dreams. Yet he was too honest a man to be satisfied with make-believes. It was not her mental or spiritual condition only that interested him. Apart altogether from such considerations she was an object of something more than curiosity. She did not repel him as so many other women did. On the contrary, she irresistibly attracted him. Why was this? Why should she interest him more than any other woman did? Why should she interest him at all?

"But she is only a girl," he said to himself one day, after vainly trying to find an excuse for calling on the Lukes. "It is foolish to think of her as a woman. Those eyes of hers are as confiding and as ingenuous as a child's. That's the explanation of my interest, no doubt."

With this explanation he contented himself for a good many days, until one Wednesday evening, in fact, when, coming into the porch at the close of the service, he found that it had begun to rain heavily, and Rachel and a number of others, who had come to the service without umbrellas, were waiting until it cleared. So he waited with them, talking first to one and then to another, until finally he found himself face to face with Rachel. He could not see her features very clearly, but that did not trouble him. He was conscious of an unfamiliar sense of satisfaction in being near her. Her voice woke in him a curious thrill; her very presence sent a warm glow through his heart.

One after another the loiterers ventured forth into the rain, until the majority had departed. Then suddenly Paul remembered that he had his umbrella with him, and that it would be very little out of his way to go round by Cambridge Park.

He suggested to her, after many misgivings and much inward trepidation, that she should share his umbrella, as he was going in her direction, and she, without hesitation and much thankfulness, hailed

the chance of saving her hat from being spoiled; so they stepped out in the rain together, and walked away side by side.

Rachel rather enjoyed being under the protection of this big, resolute man, and for her hat's sake she kept very close to him. They did not talk very much. Dodging rain-drops, and umbrellas, and sudden gusts of wind at street corners is not conducive to conversation. But Paul experienced any number of thrills during that short walk, and when he left her at the garden gate—or, more correctly, she left him, for he stood for a long time staring at the door behind which she disappeared—he seemed to be in considerable doubt as to the direction in which his own home lay. After that walk through the rain Paul boldly faced the question. It was not that Rachel was merely a girl, nor that she was mentally perplexed, that he was interested in her. The truth lay deeper. There was between them a bond of affinity. Their chance conversations had revealed that they had a good deal in common. If she were only a man they would become fast friends, and would be often in each other's company. He felt almost sorry that she was not a man. Everything would be straightforward then. He would be able to talk to her as often as he liked; but as she was a woman, every condition was changed. A man could not have a woman friend without being misunderstood and misrepresented, and perhaps scandalised. It seemed very silly and stupid that it should be so; but then, in the main, the world was silly and stupid, and he had to take it as he found it, and make the best of it.

On one matter, however, he fully made up his mind: he liked Rachel Luke. There was no reason why he should make any mystery of the fact. Because he had never made a friend of a woman before, that was no reason why he should not have a woman friend now. He did not want to be prejudiced or narrow-minded. Sex ought not to interfere with friendships. He had a great deal in common with this brown-eyed girl with the sweet face and gentle ways, and since real friendships were so rare in the world, he should avail himself of every opportunity he had of cultivating this one, providing, of course, she wished any such friendship to exist. That was a point he would have to clear up, and at the earliest opportunity.

*(To be continued.)*



## With the Ice King



Photo by P. Okell, Esq.

ICE-CAVE

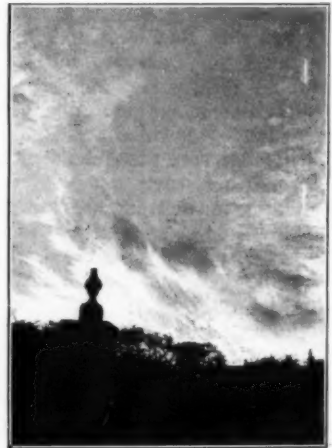
SCIENTISTS tell us that time has been when our own part of the world was under a long-enduring dynasty of ice and snow. They would have us to believe that in the inevitable course of events the earth's path, instead of being merely a circle with the sun in the centre, must in the far past have been a long-drawn-out ellipse with the sun near to one end. During the ages when this state of things lasted, the Europe of those times would, for a few thousand years at a stretch, be further—and very much further away—from the sun in winter instead of nearer to him as is now the case. The consequence of which must have been—and proofs of the fact lie thick around us—that glacial epochs have come and gone, and that in the dim future they may be expected to come again.

According to the cold calculation of astronomers, it may be 50,000 years before ice-ages are once again in vogue, but meanwhile it may be of interest to learn of an enduring glacial region all our own, with which we are always associated; to which the rigours of our own winters may be referred, and which we can with advantage regard at a safe short distance. Some five

miles away only, at a moderate calculation, we might at any time reach the domain of eternal and intolerable frost, and though the sun there sheds his beams with far greater might and through longer days than with us, yet the cold would be more terrible than that of an Arctic winter.

Let us note a few facts which justify this statement. In early spring it is common for hail-storms to come up hastily, often accompanied by a flash or two of lightning, while, skirting the horizon, rounded cloud masses after the fashion of true thunder-packs will pile up. When this happens it is always safe to prophesy a sharp night, and there will be havoc ere morning among early buds and bloom.

In point of fact under these conditions the sky generally clears after sundown. What warmth the earth gained during the day is quickly lost, while above us lies all the cold of space. The aeronaut, who a few hours later may ascend a mile into the air, will find out where the warmer air floats for a little while, but if he pursues any high ascent, whether in hours of day or night, he finds his thermometer sink at the rate, probably, of from two to five degrees for every thousand feet, and ere he has penetrated five miles the readings will be below zero, so that, were it not that he travels with, and thus escapes the influence of, the wind, the cold would grow insupportable. Even at 15,000 feet on a summer's afternoon he may sometimes observe ice-needles rustling as they settle on his note-book, or without warning he may find himself immersed in a pelting snow-storm. At some six miles the aerial voyager, however hardy or well equipped, has practically reached his highest limit; but it is quite possible for him to send an unmanned balloon with self-acting instruments to twice that height, and when this descends again—perhaps half across a continent—its log, automatically registered through the voyage, will be found to confirm the estimate of constantly increasing cold which has been stated above.



CIRRUS CLOUDS

## With the Ice King



SNOW SCENE

*Photo by C. Elliott*

Yet even so we have not reached the limit of knowledge that may be gained by instrumental aid. If we have learned to determine the actual composition of heavenly bodies that lie at the outermost boundary of space, it is readily conceivable that we may divine with much certainty the condition of things lying well within the limits of our own atmosphere. Far above the loftiest mountains or the highest points where man has soared in a balloon, there is often seen to scurry past on wings of wild upper winds, the filmy veil known as cirrus cloud. Sometimes in vast wisps flung across the sky, in which form the clouds are so well called "mares' tails," sometimes in interlacing fibres, or again presenting the appearance as of a flock of sheep lying down.

But we have reason to suppose that though cloud-like in appearance, their constitution is that of actual ice, partly because of the calculated low temperature of the region in which they float; partly also because the halos seen round the sun can alone be satisfactorily accounted for by the presence of ice spicules in the upper strata. And thus we may truly suppose that often, even in the hottest

days of summer, we may see above us at a less distance than can be covered on earth by a quarter of an hour's railway travel, a region of eternal and unknown cold.

From out of this frozen upper world the snow-flakes float down to form the earth's familiar winter mantle, and though the exquisite design of each is rarely noted, it is here that we may best learn the architecture with which Nature builds up her masterpiece of beauty, the typical English sunlit winter's morning.

The perfect symmetry of the snow-crystal is of course due to its freezing while floating with absolute freedom in the air. We can easily trace its structure. The first rudimentary formation of freezing water is that of six simple rays or spokes. This constructive effort is then repeated indefinitely in endless combinations, the ultimate resulting forms depending simply on how rapidly or how leisurely the process is carried on. The pure whiteness of each spangle is but a beautiful harmonising of infinite variety of colour. A close inspection of snow under bright sunlight will



HOAR FROST

*Photo by J. H. Golding, Esq.*

## With the Ice King

show that in reality there are minute and multitudinous points of light, of every colour of the rainbow, being produced by the countless prisms and facets of the sparkling mass, the intensity of the resulting white light that floods the eye being not infrequently the cause of the temporary but painful malady known as snow-blindness. The most experienced mountaineers are apt to suffer from this. Mr. Whympers, in the accounts of his travels, has occasion constantly to refer to the troublesome visitation of blindness that at times overtook himself and his attendants, and describes in graphic language the acute, if not ludicrous, distress of those who on the first attack, imagining that they have lost their sight for ever, go "moaning and staggering about, knocking their heads against the branches."

It is perhaps only on mountain ranges of high elevation that the snowy mantle can be seen in its true majesty and beauty, and this largely by reason of the purity of the atmosphere. The immense distance over which snowy mountain peaks are



A WINTER MORNING

*Photo by C. Elliott*

distinctly seen in Switzerland is strikingly obvious in photographs of the country, but the peculiarity is yet more noticeable "up in the hills" of India. From the heights of Darjeeling in the Himalayas, the writer has seen the snow-capped summit of Kin-chingjunga lit up rose red with the first flush of dawn, and appearing so near at hand as to give the idea that it would be possible to cast a stone upon it, though in reality forty miles of valley still in darkness intervened.



SWISS GLACIER

*Photo by P. Okell, Esq.*

In view of the eternal winter of these regions it is hard at first sight to realise how the snows do not increase there indefinitely with the storms of each year, or how, as Professor Tyndall has put it, "the sun is prevented from lifting the ocean out of its basins, and piling its waters permanently upon the hills." The explanation of course lies in Nature's reverse process of the precipitate avalanche, and in the gradual action of glaciers. Wherever snow lies very deep the lower portion becomes compressed and consolidated into the nature of true ice by the sheer

## With the Ice King

superincumbent weight upon it, yet even as such ice it yields to further pressure, and if lying on high ground, with extreme slowness but sureness it becomes pushed outwards and downwards, and thus advancing along the slopes creeps ever towards the valleys.

A kindred process takes place with the ice piling up in polar latitudes. Here the edge of the snow-fields reaches down to the actual sea-level, and being constantly thrust out seawards, breaks up into masses which eventually drift away as icebergs into the open ocean.

Regarding the reign of winter from our own standpoint at home, it is easy to form an idea of its leniency relatively to other parts of the world. Starting from the equatorial girdle of the globe, the true arctic region, or "snow-line" as it is called, would be in general reached at an altitude above sea-level of about 20,000



KINCHINGJUNGA, FROM DARJEELING



OBELISK WHERE ELIZA WOODCOCK WAS LOST IN SNOW

feet or somewhat less. It passes over the Himalayas at a height averaging some 15,000 feet, while in England, though during winter months the region of snow often fairly reaches down to earth, in summer it retires to about one and a half miles overhead.

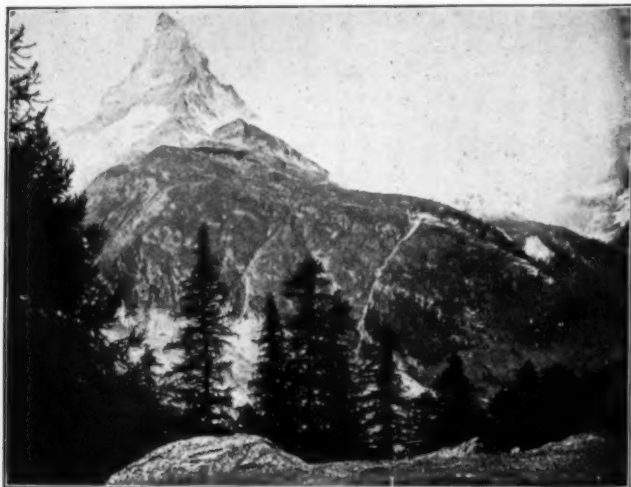
But more striking yet is a line of comparison drawn to show how we fare in relation to other parts of the earth having the same latitude. Thus regarding the parallel of latitude that passes through London, and assuming snow to fall in proportion to the severity of winter, we should find it heaped around the earth in a mere irregular outline of mountains and valleys. Further, were climatic conditions otherwise with us, and were rain to fall in its frozen form, it is easy to make a calculation of what our visitation of snow would then be. Taking the extreme case of the rainiest quarter among our own English mountains, and remembering that ten inches of snow is, under normal conditions, the calculated



A WINTRY RIDE

Photo by C. Elliott

## With the Ice King



THE MATTERHORN

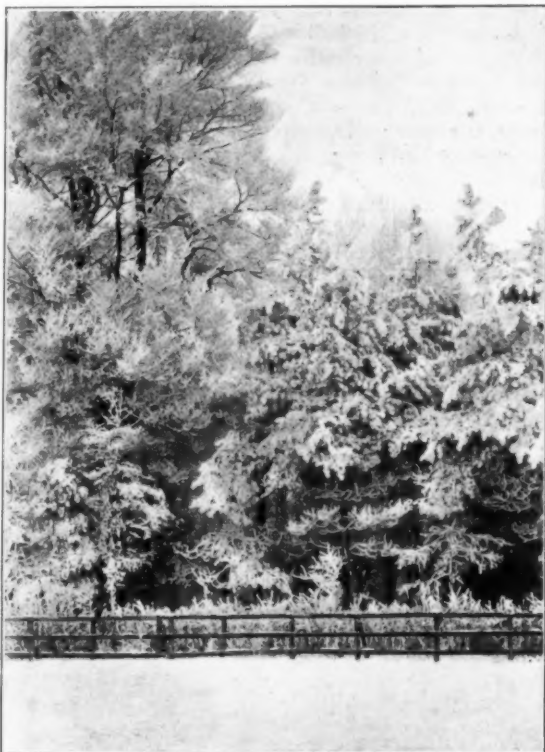
*Photo by P. Okall, Esq.*

equivalent of one inch of water, we should have to be prepared for an annual fall around such a neighbourhood as Seathwaite as would pile up to a height equal to that of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square.

Such an extreme visitation can never have occurred in historical times, yet we are not without our records of extraordinary storms. Probably there is no more remarkable story extant of misadventure in the severity of a snow-storm than that of Elizabeth Woodcock, which happened just a hundred years ago, and which is thus related by a college don, living at Cambridge, two miles only from the scene of the mishap.

The unfortunate woman was returning alone from market and, as was the custom of those days, on horseback. "Snow had fallen during the day, but she was not aware until she had proceeded about half-way home how much it had drifted. She managed however to arrive within half-a-mile of her house, when she and her horse were startled by the appearance of a meteor. The horse immediately backed to the edge of a ditch, where its rider contrived to dismount, while the

horse broke away and proceeded to an open common. The woman followed in the vain hope he would return towards the main road. Exhausted with the exertion and benumbed with cold she sat down upon the ground. At that time but little snow had drifted near her, but when she heard the clock of a village church strike eight she was completely overwhelmed and perfectly incapable of making any exertion to extricate herself. To await the termination of the frost seemed the only alternative. On the Sunday morning when it became daylight she



*Photo by J. H. Godding, Esq.*

HOAR-FROST



## With the Ice King



*Photo by J. H. Godding, Esq.*

### HOAR-FROST

observed a small circular hole in the snow, and on the branch of a bush that was enclosed near her she managed to fasten a coloured handkerchief and to force it through the aperture as the signal of distress. But this expedient was of no avail until the following Sunday, when a young farmer passing over the common was attracted to the spot by the appearance of the flag. On removing it and looking through the opening he discovered the poor woman. She stated that she had never lost her consciousness, that she was perfectly sensible of the alternations of night and day, that she had distinctly heard the church bells the successive Sundays, and had also heard carriages pass along the road."

But in the free unconstrained freezing of the rain-drop and the dew in snow and hoar-frost, the giant force of the ice king manifests itself in but its mildest form.

It is otherwise when water freezes under any constraint by which its irresistible power is called forth. The cause of this is one of the most remarkable anomalies in nature. Water like most other substances contracts continually as it grows colder, until it reaches a temperature of about 39° F. From this point, however, further lowering of temperature causes it to expand again, and to such an extent that at the moment of consolidating into ice its bulk has increased by nearly a tenth.

We are made familiar with the results of this peculiarity in ways that sometimes interfere with our domestic comfort. Never does a severe and unexpected frost occur without casualties among the water-pipes of private dwellings, and where the supply is from town waterworks disaster of considerable magnitude may ensue. One hears it very frequently asserted with much insistence, that it is the thaw that bursts the pipes, a mistake which arises from the simple fact that though the mischief has been already done in the frost, no water can flow until that frost yields and the ice in the frozen pipes begins to melt.

The destructive power of freezing water is again made patent in another striking and familiar manner. A porous



BURST WATER-PIPES

## With the Ice King

rock such as chalk, capable of holding moisture in its interstices, will infallibly be split and shivered when frost sets in after wet weather. This is very noticeable in many parts of our south coast, where the face of the chalk cliff crumbles away with every winter; and when by the operation of this process some projecting point becomes isolated, it is then attacked on all sides and its demolition goes on rapidly. An outstanding rock of this nature at Westgate, which was of considerable magnitude up to quite recently, completely succumbed two winters ago.



"OWL ROCK," WESTGATE

This rapid lowering of temperature as a result of radiation, is one with regard to which scientists hold somewhat strong views. They forbid us, contrary to popular ideas, to suppose that cold as a principle can be imparted or radiated, but assert that all bodies are constantly giving out their warmth and become colder or hotter simply according to the amount of heat which by way of exchange is being radiated back to them from surrounding bodies.

This theory is virtually expressed in the common notion that winter nights grow colder as the moon grows



CLEARNESS OF MOUNTAIN ATMOSPHERE

Returning to the more particular consideration of the neighbourhood of the great glacial region above us, referred to at the beginning of this paper, we may note its very striking influence as felt even in some of the hottest regions of the globe. This influence is readily turned to account in the production of ice in the heart of India, where none is ever formed naturally, the process resorted to being one of extreme simplicity. It suffices to dig shallow pits in open ground, and having merely filled them in with dry straw, to place flat pans of water on the top exposed to the intensely clear night skies of those parts. Under these conditions each pan with the water contained in it, quickly radiates its heat into space, while the non-conducting material upon which it rests prevents the heat of the earth from making good the loss. In this way a quantity of solid ice forms in each vessel during any cloudless night.



UNMANNED BALLOON

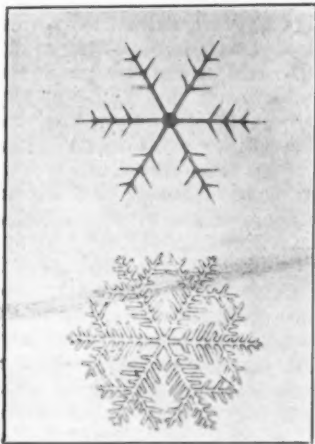
## With the Ice King

towards the full, and if there is truth in this it must simply mean that night skies in winter are frequently clearer under the full moon. Certainly a brilliant moon riding the heavens through entire long nights of winter and early spring is one of our very common experiences, and throughout those hours everything that is exposed, and that by comparison possesses any warmth, parts with that warmth with extreme prodigality.

The above fact in the case of our houses has led to another popular saying, namely, that after a succession of such nights "the cold gets into the walls." More correctly, however, we must conceive that it is our reserve of



ADVENT OF HAIL-STORM



ICE-CRYSTALS

warmth, none too great at the best, that under our faulty system is allowed to escape into the waste of space, and this must continue to be so until we learn a lesson in domestic construction from the wiser if ruder architects of more rigorous climes.

JOHN M. BACON.



## Huxley<sup>1</sup>

THE nineteenth century has buried the last of its dead, and fallen behind the great unknown unnumbered forces that are moving already to the battlefields of the future. The name of Huxley remains conspicuous on its roll; he was the leader of a fighting clan, small but formidable, a clan of the thinkers who bring not peace, but contention. In a letter to the Bishop of Ripon, answering a question respecting the men of the Victorian era, he describes himself as having "played the part of something between maid-of-all-work and gladiator-general for science." How much more he was, how many of the finer qualities he possessed, how exact his knowledge, how real his services, will be gathered from the Life, in which his son with skill and complete self-effacement portrays the successive years; but even these do not wholly present him, for the full life of the man of science or letters is not in outward circumstances or casual word, but in the inward activities summed by his works.

An altogether different aspect shows in a letter written to Mr. George Howell, M.P., at the time when technical education was under discussion. "There are two things I really care about," wrote Huxley; "one is the progress of scientific thought, and the other is the bettering of the condition of the masses of the people by bettering them in the way of lifting themselves out of the misery which has hitherto been the lot of the majority of them. Posthumous fame is not particularly attractive to me, but, if I am to be remembered at all, I would rather it should be as 'a man who did his best to help the people' than by other title." This utterance of mid life is, however, no more a full presentment of himself than was the other.

His early years had made him acquainted with the extremes of wretchedness among the people. Born at Ealing, in 1825, he had from eight to ten a taste of school life at its worst, in a school of which his father was the senior assistant master. This failing, his father returned to his native town of Coventry, where he became manager of the savings-bank, while his daughters helped the home by keeping school. Then the boy

began his own education, finding his teachers on his father's book-shelves. At twelve we hear of him, sitting up in bed with a blanket over his shoulders, and a candle lighted before dawn, to read Hutton's "Geology." His eager questioning mind brought him into relation with elder people. At fifteen he had found a friend of six-and-twenty, with whom he could converse freely. A little later he is intent on learning German. We get a glimpse of him at a picnic where his laughing companions tease him by hiding away his German books. He was prompted to this unusual study by Carlyle's frequent references to German literature—Carlyle's books laid hold of him. For many years afterwards, as he once wrote, "Sartor Resartus" was his *Enchiridion*; there are plainly traces of its spirit in his later words. In a brief journal of "Thoughts and Doings," begun in 1840, mixed with pithy quotations from his readings, we find him already grappling with the deepest problems, and expressing himself in clear, forcible language. One of the last entries runs—

"Oh, Tom, trouble not thyself about sympathy; thou hast two stout legs and young, wherefore need a staff?"

He was now in London, pursuing his medical studies, for both his sisters had married doctors, and in that direction only the way opened, though he would fain have been a mechanical engineer. The sight of the suffering poor, the cases of death by slow starvation which came under his notice, the steaming dens where they herded, made a life-long impression upon him.

In his course at Charing Cross he enjoyed nothing so much as the "severe exactness" of the lectures. He might often be seen between-whiles with his head bent over the microscope; his frequent shadow framed in one particular window led to its being named "The Sign of the Head and Microscope." How keen his investigation appeared in his discovering, as a student of nineteen, a membrane hitherto unnoticed in the root of the human hair, which received the name of Huxley's layer. After a brilliant career, he applied for admission into the medical service of the navy, and after examination was sent for duty at

<sup>1</sup> "The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley." By his son, Leonard Huxley. (Macmillan.)  
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Haslar Hospital. His chief proved to be Sir John Richardson, the Arctic traveller—silent but observant and kindly—and by his intervention he was after some months appointed assistant surgeon on board the "Rattlesnake," a 28-gun frigate, which was destined for New Guinea, on a voyage of exploration. He thus found at once the work for which he was fitted; and like Darwin and Hooker began his scientific career at sea.

The four years during which he was absent from England, three of which were spent in Australian waters, were not without their times of ennui, but they educated his powers as an observer, and gave him knowledge by which Science itself profited.

Forbes wrote that "more important zoological researches had never been conducted in the southern hemisphere." Yet the Admiralty shrank back from the cost of making known the results, and the delay would have been fatal had not the Royal Society undertaken their publication. When Huxley returned, he took rank at once with the leading naturalists, who welcomed him as an equal. At twenty-six he found himself a Fellow of the Royal Society; the next year the Royal Medal was conferred upon him, and he was elected a member of the Council. But the way before him still lay dark. Time had been required for working out details, and seeing his notes through the press; the prolonged leave of absence granted him had expired before his task was completed; and he had elected to give up the navy rather than his science. There was now no definite course on which he could rely; no sure means of a livelihood; nothing but insubstantial knowledge on which he could build.

The uncertainties that beset him troubled him chiefly from the fact that his life's hopes were already entwined with those of one waiting in far-away Sydney. While staying there, on the voyage out, he fell in love with Miss Henrietta A. Heathorn, daughter of one of the leading merchants, and it had been agreed they should be married on his promotion to the rank of full surgeon. For her, writes his son, "he was to serve longer and harder than Jacob thought to serve for Rachel, but she was to be his help and stay for forty years, in his struggles ready to counsel, in adversity to comfort; the critic whose judgment he valued above almost any, and whose praise he cared most to win; his first care

and his latest thought, the other self, whose union with him was a supreme example of mutual sincerity and devotion." These were the times of separation. It took five or six months for even a letter to pass between them. He asked himself, should he return to her, and put aside his studies for an Australian life? With all his love for her, that seemed like "the vision of a servant who hid his talent in a napkin and buried it." In 1853 he wrote—

"My course in life is taken, I will not leave London. I will make to myself a name and a position as well as an income by some kind of pursuit connected with science, which is the thing for which Nature has fitted me if she has ever fitted any one for anything. Bethink yourself whether you can cast aside all repining and all doubt and devote yourself in patience and trust to helping me along my path as no one else could. I know what I ask, and the sacrifice I demand, and if this were the time to use false modesty, I should say how little I have to offer in return. I am full of faults, but I am real and true, and the whole devotion of an earnest soul cannot be over-prized. . . . We will begin the new love of man and woman, no longer that of boy and girl, conscious that we have aims and purposes as well as affections, and that if love is sweet, life is dreadfully stern and earnest."

When the answer came after long months of inevitable waiting, its perfect sympathy gave him fresh courage. Already his decision was being justified. Whatever his work, it was of the best; his knowledge soon was in demand; his lectures gave him range of influence, and his books were seen to be not the product of ambition or need, but directed to the education of the nation. One appointment led on to another. There seemed every reason to rejoice when Miss Heathorn reached England, with her father and mother, in the spring of 1855. Then came another trouble. She had been prostrated by severe illness, and her life was in peril. "He took her to one of the most famous doctors of the day, as if merely a patient he was interested in. Then, as one member of the profession to another, he asked him privately his opinion of the case. 'I give her six months of life,' said the doctor. 'Well, six months or not,' replied Huxley, 'she is going to be my wife.'" And so it was. She rallied, and they married a few months later. Hooker and Tyndall and Carpenter were of the wedding party. The eight years of trial were to have their rich reward.

Let any one attempt to track Huxley's



## Huxley

activities, and the meaning of his own phrase, "maid-of-all-work," will at once be seen. His lectures at the School of Mines in Jermyn Street and at South Kensington came as regular duties more in the nature of routine than many things else, but his own full enlarging life pulsed through them every one, and served to steady him in the midst of claims that crowded upon him on either side. Few men of our time have worked with greater industry in the fields of intellect. He strove for the spread of knowledge, for the organisation of science, the perfecting of its instruments and its every-day applications. His lectures at the Royal Institution were not of more moment to him than those he addressed to the working classes. In a note to a friend which accompanied a prospectus of People's Lectures in 1858, are these words, characteristic of the spirit which grew upon him—

"I want the working classes to understand that Science and her ways are great facts for them—that physical virtue is the base of all other, and that they are to be clean and temperate and all the rest—not because fellows in black with white ties tell them so, but because these are plain and patent laws of nature which they must obey 'under penalties.' I am sick of the diletante middle class, and mean to try what I can do with these hard-handed fellows who live among facts."

Incomplete as this view is, it points to one of the greatest reforms that any body of working-men could achieve—one which would solve half our social questions, and make the conscience and will of the nation imperial in the noblest sense. The "Lay Sermons," which he published some years

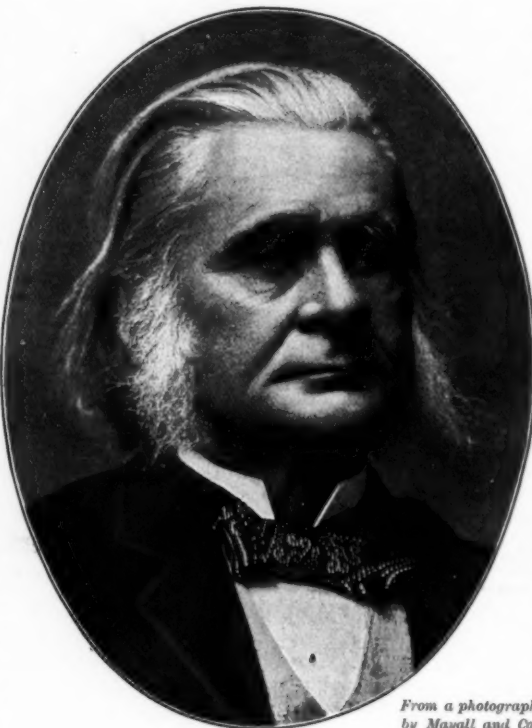
later, drove these ideas home in more penetrating form, and contain passages which will be remembered when angry controversies are forgotten. His interest in the people was also conspicuously shown as a member of the first London School Board. For ten years he was secretary of the Royal Society; when he became president in 1883, he wrote to the Warden of Merton—

"I am very much obliged for your congratulations, and I may say that I accepted the office *inter alia* for the purpose of getting people to believe that such places may be properly held by people who have neither riches nor station,—who want nothing that statesmen can give,—and who care for nothing except upholding the dignity and the freedom of science."

Of the Geological Society he was also secretary for some years, and president.

In 1870 he was president of the British Association. The Hunterian Lectures of the College of Surgeons he thought one of the hardest pieces of work he had ever taken in hand. At a later period he became an Inspector of Fisheries. All his varied tasks and duties are beyond enumeration. It must be enough

to add that he served also on twelve Royal Commissions. He received the honours of membership of some eighty societies at home and abroad, and he held the degrees or honours of ten universities. The main drift of his work and thought may be gathered—but only by those who have scientific understanding—from the "List of Essays, Books, and Scientific Memoirs," which his son has prepared, and which occupies, bare titles only, an appendix of sixteen and a half pages.



From a photograph by Mayall and Co.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY

The soul of the man is seen in some of his moments of solitude. The year 1857 opened brightly for him, with the birth of his first child, a son, on the eve of the new year. As he sat waiting for news, he made a last entry in his journal. It ends as follows—

"To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognised as my work so long as it is done:—are these my aims? 1860 will show.

"Wilt shape a noble life? Then cast  
No backward glances to the past.  
And what if something still be lost?  
Act as new-born in all thou dost.  
What each day wills that shalt thou ask;  
Each day will tell its proper task;  
What others do, that shalt thou prize;  
In thine own work, thy guerdon lies.  
This above all! hate none. The rest—  
Leave it to God. He knoweth best."<sup>1</sup>

"Half-past ten at night.

"Waiting for my child. I seem to fancy it the pledge that all these things shall be.

"Born five minutes before twelve. Thank God. New Year's Day, 1857."

At the foot of the page there remained a blank space. This was filled four years later—

"September 20, 1860.

"And the same child, our Noel, our first-born, after being for nearly four years our delight and our joy, was carried off by scarlet-fever in forty-eight hours. This day week he and I had a great romp together. On Friday his restless head, with its bright blue eyes and tangled golden hair, tossed all day upon his pillow. On Saturday night, the fifteenth, I carried him here into my study, and laid his cold still body here where I write. Here too on Sunday night came his mother and I to that holy leave-taking.

"My boy is gone, but in a higher and a better sense than was in my mind when I wrote four years ago what stands above—I feel that my fancy has been fulfilled. I say heartily and without bitterness—Amen, so let it be."

Charles Kingsley wrote instantly to comfort him, speaking of the ends of life and the hope of immortality. There were those who thought that Kingsley only could help him. Huxley replied—

"My convictions, positive and negative, on all the matters of which you speak, are of long and slow growth and are firmly rooted. But the great blow which fell upon me seemed to stir them to their foundation, and had I lived a couple of

centuries earlier, I could have fancied a devil scoffing me and them—and asking me what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and consolations of the mass of mankind? To which my only reply was and is—Oh, devil! truth is better than much profit. I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost one after the other as the penalty, still I will not lie."

These great and awful words remind us of the cry of Milton's Archangel as the beams of the sun fell upon him—

"Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained  
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
Then happy."

This letter, which is a long one, throbs with feeling. He bares his whole soul. We may utterly reject his conclusions, we may shrink aghast from them; yet its passionate sincerity compels attention.

Here are a few sentences that have a large significance—

"Pray understand that I have no *a priori* objections to the doctrine (of immortality). No man who has to deal daily and hourly with nature can trouble himself about *a priori* difficulties. Give me such evidence as would justify me in believing anything else, and I will believe that. Why should I not? It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force, or the indestructibility of matter. Whoso clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvellousness."

And again—

"Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this."

In the grave questions which the first School Board of London had to adjust, Huxley was one of those who advocated the unsectarian teaching of the Bible in the schools. Whatever he might think of the ultimate goal of education, he recognised the historical conditions under which this new work was begun, and saw the necessity of compromise. But much more than this, he laid stress on the supreme value of moral instruction, and saw no other way of attaining it. He knew too the unsurpassed value of the Bible as literature, and would not have it lost to the schools. Some thought him inconsistent; his fellows on the School Board of all shades of opinion

<sup>1</sup> The original German is given in the journal.

## Huxley

honoured him. His procedure was at least undesigned testimony to supreme qualities in the Book, which this too rapid age is in danger of disregarding.

The controversies which followed the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859 will not be soon forgotten. They were too momentous, they drew a dividing line across the century, they raised questions which no one even now can say are finally answered. Huxley was in the front of them; he did not accept the new theory without criticism, he did not hold it without reserves; but from the time when he welcomed it as "a better working hypothesis" than any he had known, he was its staunch champion. When, at the first meeting of the British Association after the book had gone forth, Bishop Wilberforce, at Oxford, assailed its inferences with scoffing eloquence, and ventured a personal question, Huxley smote back with tremendous force—so great that, according to a writer in "Macmillan's Magazine," who says that "he, for one, jumped out of his seat," "one lady fainted and had to be carried out." His own little book, "Man's Place in Nature," which, in spite of many warnings, appeared a year or two later, was so startling, so unabashed in its discussion of man's kinship with the apes, as to stir a far larger public.

The range of subjects affected by the new teaching covered ground consecrated by the belief of centuries. Happily for the world, and for science itself, and for truth's sake, men do not lay aside such beliefs at the word of naturalist, or philosopher—at the wave of a wand or the stamp of a foot. Collision—and violent collision—was almost inevitable. The great processes of thought, like the great processes of nature, ask for time; and earthquake and flood and storm-cloud and thick darkness, thunders and rending asunder, as well as the slow building up of new forms, may have their places in both. Huxley was the most conspicuous combatant of this period. Years later, in counselling a friend not to waste his time in unnecessary controversies, he wrote, "Under the circumstances warfare has been my business and duty." Mark that word, *duty*. In his papers contributed to the "Nineteenth Century" and elsewhere, he did not spare Mr. Gladstone, or the Duke of Argyll, or other notable critics of evolutionary views. No one

reading these articles could have imagined him the just and courteous man that many knew him to be in other relations. He fell below his own ideal of scientific discussion; he was too often scornful and relentless, and ruthlessly aggressive; and his letters show a positive joy in crushing an opponent. He knew, but did not always recognise, the fact that while the man of science may crave "a working hypothesis" (which is not necessarily coincident with fact or truth), the man who knows nothing quite as often craves for what we may call "a living hypothesis"; and those who applaud his passion for truth, and regard him as one sharpening his sword for her defence, must not forget that thousands of homely untaught souls have so loved her as to die for her. If the conclusions of science at this period could have been thrown into the form of a creed—creeds not being all religious—it could only have been accepted as the Nicene Creed was accepted before it, on authority. The popular acceptance of evolution to-day rests nowhere else; not one in ten thousand understands more of its facts than of the mysteries of the Athanasian Creed; and mixed with its most fascinating revelations are still conjectures of pure fancy that are as droll and baseless as any mediæval myth. All fact is God's—the churches have come to agreement there; but they ask that every class of fact shall have an equal place in the judgment. The relationship of facts, and the value of the inferences drawn from them, is brought out by thorough and large-tempered discussion. All truth is orthodox, as Bishop Spalding said recently. "Evils which spring from enlightenment of mind"—it is another wise word of his—"will find their remedy in greater enlightenment."

Huxley found no words too strong for the condemnation of what he saw while sojourning at Rome. He was equally severe in his judgment of Comte. Writing to Kingsley, he asks—

"Did you ever read Littré's 'Life of Comte'? I bought it when it came out a year or more ago, and I rose from its perusal with a feeling of sheer disgust and contempt for the man who could treat a noble-hearted woman, who had saved his life and reason, as Comte treated his wife. . . . Comte in his later days was an apostate from his own creed; his 'nouveau grand Être suprême' being as big a fetish as ever nigger first made and then worshipped."

He was himself the first Agnostic—that

is to say, he so described himself when in association with the Metaphysical Society as defining his relationship to some subjects of discussion, using the word as one of limitation and suspense, though as it passed into general use its more subtle significance was to a large extent lost, and it has been made to cover the most positive negations. He was himself most keenly alive to the mystery of nature; he saw the surface of those underlying, unfathomable depths which fill the soul with awe. The blank stony stare of a dull, begrimed Materialism is hardly possible to-day when one looks forth with the eyes of awakened science. It is wonder upon wonder, marvel upon marvel—voiceless mysteries, infinite subtleties, the past and the present linked in unsuspected ways, silent, unseen, knowing neither stillness nor death, perpetual in interchanging force. In this universe of God more things are unveiling than men have dreamed. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the possibilities that remain. The half of human speech itself seems a feeble agnosticism, yet the miracle of Man remains at the centre. Suppose it possible—the struggle of blind atoms, the selections of a billion ages, the pulses of undiscerned law, and what miracle can be more full of glory than man as he emerges able to think and to know? It can be but a mere frivolity of ignorance which debases him into a creature of chance. Huxley overpassed his agnosticism when he wrote of automaton man, yet with all his rigidity of science, he knew the mystery.

We find him writing—

"Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of these philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God."

This to Darwin is also interesting—

"After all, Butler's 'Analogy' is unassailable, and there is nothing in theological dogmas more contradictory to our moral sense than is to be found in the facts of nature. From which, however, the Bishop's conclusion that the dogmas are true doesn't follow."

The following passage, which occurs in a letter of 1883 to Mr. Morley, will awaken many thoughts—

"It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older

and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal,—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying."

Again we are reminded of Milton—

"To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,  
Devoid of sense and motion?"

Lord Salisbury, in 1892, made him a Privy Councillor, in recognition of his services. It was one of the last honours—though not the last—that came to him. For some years he had been struggling with broken health; one by one he had resigned his Government appointments, and finally withdrawn to quiet home life at Eastbourne. There, in 1895, death found him. On the tombstone at Finchley, by his own direction, these three lines from a poem written by his wife were inscribed—

"Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;  
For still He giveth His beloved sleep,  
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."

We have touched but a few of the characteristic facts of this strong life. Time and unbending truth will be its final judges. Law in its highest sense is love; but the region to which Huxley clung is not all-sufficing. Its boundaries leave some of the greatest things outside; it has not the healing virtues, nor the motive forces, nor the lofty hopes of Christianity. As he expounds it, it takes no sufficient cognisance of the facts which have been mightiest in the evolution of the world. But what is called evolution as a doctrine of science has enlarged its scope and modified its inferences since Huxley laboured. In one of the most able of recent expositions we find this conclusion—

"The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the Human Soul has not been cherishing in Religion a delusive phantom, but in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to Man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the Everlasting Reality of Religion."<sup>1</sup>

W. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> "Through Nature to God."—Fiske.





**M**R. SPEAKER GULLY, in the course of an address to his constituents at Carlisle, observed that though the rules of the House of Commons had been largely added to and modified during the last one hundred and fifty years, the principles of order, courtesy, and freedom of debate now prevailing had certainly come down to us from the seventeenth century, if not from a much earlier date. No one who has perused the scanty records we possess of the debates of early days will question the justness of Mr. Gully's conclusion. Notwithstanding the changes in the constitution of society, and of Parliament itself, the spirit pervading the House is pretty much what it always was. "Other times, other manners," is, to be sure, a proverb which applies to Parliament as to every human institution in greater or less degree, but I doubt whether there be any other, unless it be the Church of Rome, in which the pervading spirit has remained so constant for centuries. That spirit may be described as a general inclination to courtesy, fairness, and good feeling, tempered by the idiosyncrasies or the momentary ebullitions of individual members. Of course there have been outbreaks of disorder, and even of violence, but it is a fact that the records we have of the history of Parliament for over six hundred years disclose no instance of blows passing between one member and another on the floor of the House, until we come to the lamentable occurrence during the Home Rule debate in 1893.

The fact that "Hear, hear," or "Hear him," has for centuries been the only note of approval usually heard in the House, while hissing and cries of "Shame" have been more than once pronounced disorderly, is evidence of the fine dignity and reserve which characterise the assembly. The *Public Advertiser* of May 27, 1777,

says that during a speech of Fox on Indian affairs, there were cries of "Bravo" and clapping of hands, but the reporter added that these vulgar demonstrations were unprecedented. Even "Hear, hear" may become disorderly. I once saw the late Major O'Gorman suspended for nothing but the persistent iteration of these words.

Personalities have always been discouraged by the general sense of the House. Sir Gilbert Elliot, rebuking Colonel Barré for some rude observation in the session of 1770, said, "Personal allusions, though frequently met with in books, were not frequent in the debates of that House," though I am inclined to think that they were more frequent at this particular period than at any other time in the history of Parliament. Few men have a greater reputation in Parliamentary history for vehemence of language than this Colonel Barré. He it was who descanted with unction on the length of the noses of certain Lords who had turned unwelcome Commoners out of their House, and broadly hinted that he would like to pull these prominent features of their Lordships. On one occasion he described Pitt as "turning up his eyes to heaven that witnessed his perjuries."

#### Puns upon Names.

It is well known that members are not permitted to refer to each other by name in the House. Like successful Roman generals, they are called by the names of the constituencies they have conquered, or else by the offices they hold. Considering the unknown terrors which used to be associated with the threat of being "named" by the Speaker, it is a little incongruous that the one conspicuous exception to the general rule is that the Speaker or Chairman, in calling upon a member to speak, invariably does so by his



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personal name. The sound of his own name called in these circumstances has sent a shudder down the back of many a poor gentleman who has risen to speak half hoping that he might not "catch the Speaker's eye."

This rule of debate may partly account for the few instances one comes across of puns upon members' names. The case most familiar in Parliamentary anecdote is that of Mr. Martin, one of the most persistent critics of the Fox-North Coalition. During one of the debates on the change of Government, Lord North humorously observed, "It was said on a former day that a starling ought to be placed in the House to repeat the words, 'Coalition, coalition! Cursed coalition!' But admitting the patriotic spirit which prompted the proposal, I submit that this House is in possession of a Martin who will serve the purpose quite as well."

During the existence of the same Government, Sheridan made a reference to a decrease in the Whig vote, observing that this was not to be wondered at, when a member was employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes. Upon this there was a great outcry of "Who is it?" "Name him!" "Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him. I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say 'Jack Robinson.'" At this there was a roar of laughter, for Mr. John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, and clearly he was the culprit.

In 1839, O'Connell closed a piece of savage invective with a weak pun on the name of Mr. Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin, who had moved for a return of criminal outrages in Ireland. In the debate on this motion, O'Connell said speeches had been made by four gentlemen who came to the House of Commons for the sole purpose of vilifying their native land. "Yes, you came here to calumniate the country that gave you birth. It is said that there are some soils that produce venomous and crawling creatures—things odious and disgusting (loud ironical cheers from the Tories). Fourteen murders have occurred in Ireland since the 16th of November; England since that period has produced twenty-five. To these you may add two cases of supposed murder, thirteen of

personal violence, and not less than twenty incendiary fires, one of which, by the bye, was at *Shaw* in Berkshire" (general laughter).

A pun upon a well-known member's name shed a gleam of humour on the memorable forty-one and a half hours' debate in 1881. Mr. Gill, one of the Irish members, said that Sir Henry Tyler, who was taking turns with Mr. Warton in watching over the debate, "kept his eye on the lips of the Home Rulers as closely and well as the 'tyler' at the door of a Masonic lodge."

### Contempt.

In a debate on a motion to prosecute printers for publishing the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1771, Mr. Onslow (son of Speaker Onslow), who seconded his cousin, Col. Onslow, in initiating the proceedings, boasted of the part he had taken as peculiarly becoming the descendant of three Speakers, thus laying himself open to a crushing retort from Burke. "I have not," said the incisive Irishman, "the advantage of a Parliamentary genealogy. I was not born like the honourable gentleman, with 'order' running through my veins, but as the gentleman boasts of his father, his son will never boast of him. The Parliamentary line is cut off."

In 1761 the elder Pitt sneered at Rigby and Sir Francis Delavel in these terms: He would not disappoint the gentlemen so far as to take no note of them. He confessed he did see the person of the latter standing up, and recollected to have heard him—that was sufficient.

It is recorded that on one occasion Horace Walpole—the garrulous old politician, not the letter-writer—meandered off into some story about an old woman, and getting confused turned to the Speaker and expressed his regret that he had forgotten the name of the old woman. The House exploded with laughter when the Speaker replied, "Oh, sir, one old woman may make as free as she pleases with another."

Fox once taunted Lord North with pusillanimity in connection with one of the Wilkes wrangles in 1774, and accused him of "shameless and impudent silence." Lord North at once replied that he had never before heard of impudent silence, but he had seen gentlemen on their legs

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whose shameless impudence had shocked all mankind.

Burke on one occasion was speaking on the extravagance of the Civil List, when he was repeatedly annoyed by the interruptions of a member holding an appointment in the Royal Household, who called upon Burke to remember his duty as a subject. The irascible Irishman paused, and then said he was perfectly ready to honour the King, but he did not feel constrained to honour the King's man-servant, his maidservant, his ox, and—fixing his eye upon the obnoxious intruder—his ass!

### "In a Parliamentary Sense."

Dickens travestied as Pickwickian the old evasion that strong language becomes mild when used "in a Parliamentary sense," but surely never out of the Pickwick Club has the excuse been pleaded to cover such language as Brougham applied to Canning in 1823. The right honourable gentleman, he said, had "exhibited the most incredible specimen of monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office that the whole history of political tergiversation could furnish." Canning rose and exclaimed, "I can say that that is false." Being called upon to withdraw, Canning said nothing on earth could induce him to do so. A commotion arose, and both accusation and retort seemed to suggest pistols, but Brougham explained that he had only used the words in a Parliamentary sense, and the House, accustomed to Brougham's exuberance of expression, allowed the matter to drop.

Lord Brougham used to repudiate the accusation that he was given to a vituperative style of argument, but his speeches, even after he reached the House of Lords, afford some of the choicest specimens of vulgar vituperation to be found in the annals of Parliament. Take his reference to Sir Edward Sugden (afterwards Lord St. Leonards) in 1832. Sugden had moved in the House of Commons for an inquiry into certain matters in which Brougham was concerned, and this roused the effervescent ire of the Chancellor, who thus referred to the subject in the House of Lords: "We have all read that it is this heaven-born thirst for information, and its invariable concomitants, a self-disregarding and candid mind, that most distinguish men from the lower animals—from the crawling rep-

tile, from the wasp that stings, and from the wasp that fain would but cannot sting—distinguishes us, my lords, not only from the insect that crawls and stings, but from that more powerful because more offensive creature, the bug, which, powerful and offensive as it is, is after all but vermin. Yes, I say it is this laudable propensity upon which humanity justly prides itself, which, I have no doubt, solely influenced the learned gentleman to whom I allude to seek for information which it would be cruel to stingily gratify."

### A Snap of the Fingers.

On February 26, 1810, there was what Lord Palmerston described next day, in a letter to his sister, as "a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity" on the part of a member of the House of Commons named Fuller. This gentleman, it appears, was anxious to put "some very gross and absurd questions" to the Earl of Chatham, who had commanded the unfortunate Walcheren expedition the previous year. He rose several times, but Sir John Anstruther, who was in the chair, would take no notice of him. At last Fuller "flew into such a passion, and swore and abused the chairman and the House to such a degree, that it became at last necessary to commit him to custody." To do this, of course, the Speaker (Abbott, afterwards Lord Colchester) had to be called in, and as Fuller went out in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a most insignificant little puppy, and snapping his fingers at him, said he did not care *that* for him, or the House either. "He is now," added Palmerston, "amusing himself with the Serjeant-at-Arms, and I think he was very lucky in not being sent to Newgate or the Tower."

### A Witty Retort.

A funny Parliamentary retort is recorded in Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors." While the Catholic Relief Bill was making progress in the House of Commons there were nightly skirmishes in the House of Lords on the presentation of petitions for and against the measure. The Lord Chancellor (Lyndhurst), who had changed sides on the question, sometimes mixed in these and received painful scratches. Lord Eldon, who remained a strenuous opponent of the

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Bill, on one occasion presented an anti-Catholic petition from the Company of Tailors at Glasgow, upon which the Chancellor said in a loud stage whisper, "What! do tailors trouble themselves with such *measures*?" The pun raised a smile, which was turned into a loud laugh when Eldon retorted, "My noble and learned friend might have been aware that tailors cannot like turncoats."

### Didn't believe Peel.

On February 22, 1850, during the discussion of a motion of Disraeli on a question of taxation, Sir Robert Peel expressed great sympathy with the agriculturists in their distress. Colonel Sibthorp lifted up both hands in a mock tragic manner, exclaiming "Oh dear, oh dear!" which set the whole House in a roar of laughter. Peel, instead of paying no heed to the interruption, turned to Colonel Sibthorp and gave him some explanation, adding that he hoped the hon. member believed him, to which Sibthorp replied, "I can't say I do." So Lord Malmesbury relates in his memoirs.

### The Young Hopeful.

The ebullitions of the Irishmen at Westminster have become too familiar to justify the production of many specimens here. Often their smartness has atoned for their offensiveness, though this perhaps can hardly be said for one of the smartest, Mr. Tim Healy's application to Sir William Harcourt of Pope's description of the London Monument, which "like some tall bully rears its head and lies." Insult unseasoned by wit has never commended itself to the House. When the lugubrious Mr. Biggar in 1882 sneered at Mr. Herbert Gladstone as a "young hopeful," the sympathies of all sections were attracted by the dignified indignation of Gladstone *père*. Biggar said the Prime Minister had lately desired his son, the junior member for Leeds, to gain some experience, and the young hopeful (cries of "Shame") thereupon went to Ireland to superintend the eviction of unfortunate tenants who were unable to pay their rent. As they had it on the authority of the head of the Government that a sentence of eviction was equivalent to a sentence of death—(Mr. Gladstone, as a matter of fact, never used these words; they are a paraphrase of some remarks he

made on the Compensation for Disturbance Bill in 1880)—he recommended the youthful gentleman to endeavour to secure the reversion of Marwood's position (Marwood was the common hangman). At the close of Mr. Biggar's speech Mr. Gladstone sprang to his feet and said, "Perhaps the remarks which the honourable member for Cavan has just uttered are hardly worthy of notice. If my son, the honourable member for Leeds, had been in his place I should have left it to him to tell the hon. gentleman whether he was a 'young hopeful' or not. However, I will observe to the hon. member, for his information, that the ordinary, and indeed the uniform, practice in this House has been to afford a kindly welcome to young men. [Mr. Gladstone to the last always made this a conspicuous point in his attitude towards young members.] Moreover, in the reception of young men I have never been able to trace any difference between one side of the House and the other. I leave it to the hon. member—and perhaps it will be the principal distinction that his Parliamentary career will confer—that he has broken that tradition and chosen to speak of a young member, in the absence of that young member, as a 'young hopeful.' With regard to the other allusion of the hon. member, which was brutal in its character, I will take no notice whatever of it, except to say that I do not believe there is one man among the members who sit around the hon. member and generally speak and vote with him, that will rise in his place either to sustain or apologise for that reference." Mr. Gladstone was correct in this assumption, but one Irishman made a quaint excuse, which raised general laughter. He observed that just before leaving Ireland he saw Mr. Biggar's old schoolmaster, who expressed a hope that the House would not be too hard on him, for he had always been a very naughty and troublesome boy.

### Very strong language.

Mr. Jennings, in his entertaining "Anecdotal History of Parliament," quotes one or two specimens of the personalities bandied in the Irish Parliament, which, as he says, eclipsed anything of the kind recorded of the English House of Commons. In 1789 there was a passage between Fitzgibbon (Attorney-General) and Curran which led to a duel. In the course of the debate

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Fitzgibbon said of Curran, "A mountebank with but one-half the honourable gentleman's talent for rant would undoubtedly make his fortune. . . . One thing I assure him, that I hold him in so small a degree of estimation, either as a man or a lawyer, that I shall never hereafter deign to make him any answer." Lord Norbury, speaking of George Ponsonby (afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland), asked: "Is it come to this, that in the Irish House of Commons we should listen to one of our own members degrading the character of an Irish gentleman by language that is not fit for hallooing on a mob? Had I heard a man out of doors using language such as that by which the honourable gentleman has violated the decorum of Parliament, I would have seized the ruffian by the throat and dragged him in the dust." But the palm must, perhaps, be given to a Mr. Martin, of Galway. Ponsonby's sister was seated with other ladies in the gallery during one of the debates, when Martin exclaimed, "These Ponsonbys are the curse of my country . . . personally and politically—from that toothless old hag who is now grinning in the gallery, to the white-livered scoundrel who is now shivering on the floor." What followed these delicate compliments the record does not say.

### *Nicknames.*

A chapter might be written on Parliamentary nicknames. Personal sobriquets have sometimes been complimentary, usually the reverse, often merely playful. From Pitt as the Pilot to Mr. Tommy Bowles as the Skipper is a tolerably long remove. In William Wilberforce, the Nightingale of the House, and David Hartley, who earned the name of the Dinner-Bell, we again touch opposite poles. "Count" Collins and "Blocker" Warton were famous men in their day, and not unpopular, except among members whose own particular schemes were scotched. Tommy Collins represented Knaresborough until the borough ceased to be an elective entity, and his chief Parliamentary ambition appeared to be to count out the House at every opportunity. Mr. Warton was member for Bridport. The "block" was a notice of opposition to an otherwise unopposed motion or Bill, which prevented its consideration after half-past twelve, and

Mr. Warton's propensity for thus arresting business which had the general assent of the House earned him an unenviable notoriety. At the end of his Parliamentary career, when about to depart for the antipodes as Attorney-General of Western Australia, he candidly explained that his theory was that the primary duty of Parliament was not legislation, but to look after the defences of the country and the efficiency of the services. It was far more important that we should have a thoroughly efficient army and navy, and the taxes properly expended, than that a number of generally worthless bills, proposed by inefficient members, should be passed, containing, as a rule, both bad grammar and bad law.

Charles W. W. Wynn was a member of the House of Commons for the first half of the present century, and for many years his brother, Sir Watkin, was also a member. It is mentioned in Lord Brougham's autobiography that the pair were known as Bubble and Squeak, on account of a curious confusion of utterance on the part of Sir Watkin and a peculiar shrillness in Charles's voice. Charles, who was Father of the House at the time of his death, in 1850, also earned the cognomen "Small Journal Wynn" by his intimate acquaintance with the forms and precedents of the House.

Macaulay's reference in the Essay on Chatham will have familiarised the reader with the circumstances in which the name of "The Gentle Shepherd" was applied to George Grenville in 1762. Grenville was condemning the profusion with which the Seven Years' War had been carried on, and the consequent necessity for increasing the taxation of the country. He called upon the critics of the Government to say where they would have a tax laid, repeating the invitation in a monotonous and fretful tone. "I say, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them, tell me where." Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song—occurring, I believe, in Allan Ramsay's pastoral play, "The Gentle Shepherd," which was very popular in England at this time—"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where." "If," began Grenville, "gentlemen are to be treated in this way—" But, says



## Personalities in Parliament

Macaulay, he was unable to finish the sentence. Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and everybody else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the name of "The Gentle Shepherd."

Among the assailants of Burke, when he turned fiercely on his tormentors with Lear's piteous exclamation:

"... The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see, they all bark  
at me,"

was Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, "a silly member," says Mr. Massey, "who had long been the laughing-stock of the House." It is a curious circumstance that the House nearly always has its silly member, who is often the possessor of a silly name. This Taylor, early in his career, ventured to dispute a point of law with an eminent lawyer, Beareroft, but apologised that he, who was but a young practitioner, and, as he might phrase it, a chicken in the law, should venture on a fight with the cock of Westminster Hall. The sobriquet of "Chicken Taylor" was at once conferred upon him, and he never lost it.

D'Israeli ascribes the transfer of the Earl of Godolphin from the Tory to the Whig party in his old age to the application to him of the name Volpone, an odious character in Ben Jonson's play of that name. Sacheverel had first applied it to the Earl in his famous sermon, and we are told that Godolphin was so stung by the name sticking to him, that he went over to the opposite party in order to obtain the prosecution of Sacheverel. This, however, is carrying the point a little too far. There were more important reasons than this for the change of party. Other harsh nicknames were Malagrida the Jesuit, which made Shelburne odious, and Jemmy Twitcher, which made Sandwich contemptible. On the other hand, political history records no more acceptable nickname than that of "King of Hearts," given to the Duke of Shrewsbury in Queen Anne's

reign on account, Mr. Wyon tells us, of the grace and suavity of his manners.

The nickname Shave-Beggars, formerly applied with relish by Irishmen to Chief Secretaries, was originated by O'Connell. In a speech in the House in 1830, he assailed Lord Leveson Gower, the Irish Secretary, in these terms: "He is an apprentice in politics, and he dares to censure me, a veteran in the warfare of my country. His office is a mere apprenticeship. I have heard that barbers train their apprentices by making them shave beggars. My wretched country is the scene of his political education—he is the shave-beggar of the day for Ireland."

When Lord Salisbury formed his first Government in 1885, there was much controversy in the party as to whether he should take the old men or the young. Mr. Gibson (now Lord Ashbourne) recommended that he should retain the great majority of his former colleagues, while making some concession to the younger and more vigorous element. He was said to have reminded the Premier of the ancient maxim, "In medio tutissimus ibis." On this being reported to Lord Randolph Churchill, he said, "Now I come to think of it, Gibson is very like an ibis. The Tutissimus Ibis would not be a bad name for him." The nickname, however, never obtained currency. The story is related by Mr. Cecil Raikes in the life of his father.

John Arthur Roebuck deliberately gave to himself the nickname by which he was known. Speaking at Sheffield during the Gallophobe scare in 1858, he disclaimed any intention to excite animosity between England and France, but added the following parable: "The farmer who goes to sleep, having placed the watch-dog, Tear 'Em, over his rickyard, hears that watch-dog bark. He, in the anger of a half-somnolence, says, 'I wish Tear 'Em would be quiet,' and bawls out of the window, 'Down, Tear 'Em.' Tear 'Em goes down, the farmer goes to sleep, and he is awake by the flashing in at his windows of the light of his ricks on fire. I am Tear 'Em; I tell you to beware."

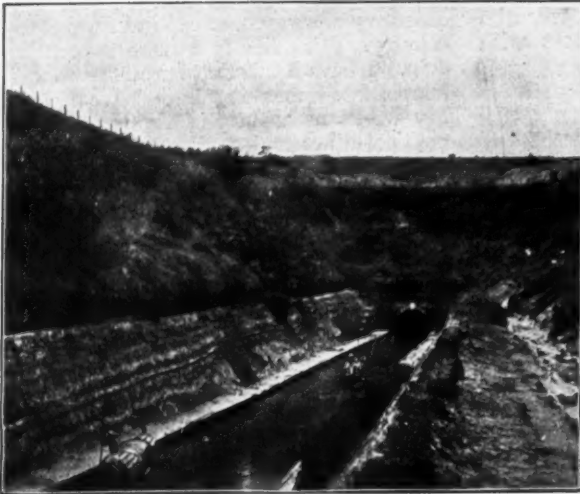
JAS. SYKES.



# A Visit to Travancore

BY SIR GEORGE B. WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

## II



TUNNEL BETWEEN QUILON AND TREVANDRUM

**E**ARLY next morning we were getting afloat, and we all noticed a great difference in our boatmen; they were not by any means the same stalwart kind of men that we previously had, and our water-way was mostly through a canal, which, apart from two interesting tunnels, through which we passed, was tedious and devoid of beauty, except for the rich rank vegetation which everywhere abounds in these parts. One of these tunnels is just half-a-mile long, and the other about a quarter of a mile. It was past 6 p.m. before we reached the Chatay Ghaut or landing-place, where we were received by the Sarvadhikaryakar on behalf of his Highness the Maharajah of Travancore, who saw us into a luxurious C-spring barouche drawn by a fine pair of walers, beside which was a mounted escort furnished from his

Highness's body-guard. A pleasant drive of three or four miles through the public gardens and over well-kept roads brought us to the charming Residency of Trevandrum, where we were welcomed by Mr. Mackenzie, the Resident of Cochin and Trevandrum, and Major Dawson, commanding the Nayar Brigade.

We were then introduced by Mr. Mackenzie to Mr. Krishnaswami Rao, the Dewan of Travancore, a pleasant, intelligent gentleman, who speaks English fluently, and conveyed to us a gracious message of welcome to his capital from his Highness the Maharajah. We were all, I think, glad to have a quiet chat with Mr. Mackenzie at

dinner, and get to bed early that night, as the day had been somewhat over-warm and a bit tedious.

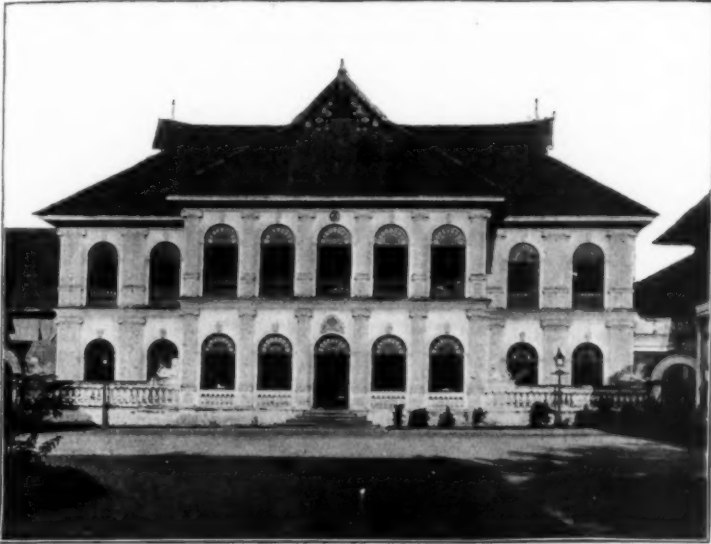
Trevandrum, the capital of Travancore, is a town of considerable extent, and is about two miles distant from the sea. The houses are situated on a series of laterite mounds or hills, which give a pleasingly undulating appearance to the place.

The fort, hardly recognisable now as



TREVANDRUM RESIDENCY

## A Visit to Travancore



THE TREVANDRUM PALACE

such, is situated to the south of the town, and is about half-a-mile in extent. In it is the residential palace of the Maharajah.

The next morning, by the kind permission of his Highness, I held a review of the Nayar Brigade on the Cantonment parade ground; the brigade mustered nearly 1500 strong—artillery, cavalry, and infantry, under command of Major Dawson. Orme, in his valuable history of Hindustan, tells us that the Nayars "are by birth the military tribe of the Malabar coast, and assert in their own country even prouder pre-eminence than the Rajpoots, who in other parts of India are likewise born with the same distinction" (vol. ii. p. 400). After the march-past they performed the manual and platoon exercises with ramrods. There were present his Highness the Maharajah, the Elaya Rajah (heir-apparent), the first Prince, the Dewan, and a few other European and native officials, besides a very large number of other spectators, including all the ladies in the station. After the troops had advanced in review order, I addressed them in the following terms—

"Major Dawson, officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Nayar Brigade, I am much

obliged to his Highness the Maharajah for kindly permitting me to inspect his Highness's troops this morning. I have been much pleased with the turn-out on this parade, and I desire, Major Dawson, that you will convey to all under your command my entire satisfaction with all that I have seen to-day. I notice especially the good appearance made by the cavalry. The horses look as if they were well

cared for; they are workmanlike, and seem well suited to their purpose. I believe that I am right in saying that history tells us that the State of Travancore has always been in alliance with the British power. Relations have always been friendly. Indeed, 100 years ago, one of the Maharajah's predecessors sent a contingent of Travancore troops to assist us in our hard-fought struggle with Tippu Sultan. I hope that these friendly relations may be drawn still closer, and I trust, Maharajah, that your Highness will permit me to express the hope that the



QUILAN JHEVALLI PALACE

## A Visit to Travancore

day is not far distant when these troops, which are now before us upon this ground, may form a part of those Imperial Service troops which are enrolled for the defence of this great Empire."

I paid my formal visit to his Highness the Maharajah at 1 p.m., and his Highness returned my call at 4 p.m. The portrait of his Highness (see frontispiece of this number) and the Trevandrum Palace are taken from large photographs which his Highness has been pleased to send me, as he very courteously remarks—"For your kind acceptance; and I shall consider it a great favour if you will kindly keep them as a remembrance of your visit to Travancore." That of the palace hardly does justice to the royal residence, for, like nearly all good things, both organic as well as inanimate, it is the interior, or that which is within, that possesses most interest and beauty. The likeness of his Highness is an excellent one, admirably depicting the high-born, polished gentleman, which his Highness undoubtedly is. His quiet, affable manner and address are those of a perfect nobleman, and his whole bearing and appearance betoken what we call "quality" in speaking of a well-bred horse.

A State dinner in the "Jubilee Hall," the grounds of which were brilliantly illuminated, closed the day. This magnificent Durbar Hall, with its marble floor, and its banquet saloon, was a perfect blaze of soft light from numerous cut-glass candelabras. We were received by his Highness in the Durbar Hall, who took me in to dinner to the familiar tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," and sat all through dinner between the Resident and me, although

precluded by his religion from partaking of the sumptuous repast prepared for his guests. After the usual toast, "The Queen Empress," given by his Highness, had been loyally responded to, the Maharajah proposed my health, and called upon the ladies and gentlemen present to join him in drinking it. He did it so nicely, in such a dignified yet genial manner, that I fear my return of thanks was but a sorry acknowledgment of his flattering remarks. I then proposed his Highness' health, and referred

to the unmistakable evidence of good government and its consequent prosperity, which met one wherever one travelled in Travancore; and with a few eulogistic remarks of a more personal nature, referring to the pleasure it afforded me to make his acquaintance, I called upon all to join me in drinking long life and continued prosperity and happiness to his Highness Sir Rama Varma, Maharajah of Travancore. I thanked him for the kind manner in which his Highness had acknowledged to the Government of Madras the services recently rendered to his state by a portion of my troops. I said I

had often been assured of the great hospitality of Travancore, but had no idea what that assurance really meant until I arrived in Trevandrum. I trusted that the friendships which had ever existed between the British Government and Travancore might be still more closely cemented as time goes on, and the inevitable iron road brings the two countries into more direct communication with one another. "Lastly, Maharajah," I said, "in again thanking you for the friendly welcome and princely hospitality vouchsafed me and my staff, I am requested by those officers to say how



HILL KANIKARS IN THEIR FOREST HOUSES

## A Visit to Travancore



GROUP OF KANIES (HILL TRIBE)

warmly they join with me in assuring your Highness, that our delightful visit to Travancore will ever be borne in mind by us all as one of the pleasantest experiences of Eastern hospitality we have ever realised." The health of his Highness Sir Rama Varma, Maharajah of Travancore, was then very heartily drunk, as his Highness seems to be a great favourite with every one in the place. Although he assured me to the contrary, I felt sure that his Highness must have been bored by the long time he had to sit with us at dinner. So I took an early opportunity of taking my leave after we had adjourned to the verandah of the Durbar Hall to see the bude-lights and illuminations, as it was etiquette for me to leave first.

Next morning, accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie, I visited his Highness's new golf links, at the entrance to which is a well-appointed pavilion, with terraced gardens in front, and a fountain in the centre of them. From the pavilion you have a fine view down the valley to the far-distant hills, which form a pretty background. I then visited the museum, which is situated in the public gardens. These are well laid out, but the museum is a poor one; it is not a local collection, and many of the specimens not properly classified or labelled, and do not afford due information as to place whence derived. We then went on to the School of Art, which I carefully examined. The *show* work is undoubtedly the ivory carving, which is quite excellent; but, like everything really good, is expensive, so I contented myself with inspection and admiration! The varied expression given to each figure of man and beast interested me greatly, and reminded me much of the

old Burmese carving in wood and ivory, all betokening the real artist. The pottery is not of high class, though the pose of some of the figures was natural. What interested me most in this place were the schools, all of which seemed carefully supervised, and I was much pleased to find that the students were as varied as regards European and Asiatic classification as the work they were producing. The special object of interest now under construction in one of these schools is a teak-wood cabinet for the great Paris Exhibition of 1900. It is to hold all the different exhibits from Travancore, and is a really fine specimen of the elaborately-florid style of wood-carving; and the superintendent of the school, Mr. K. Narayana Iyer, B.A., is very justly proud of his students' work. He, Mr. K. Narayana Iyer, was most attentive in showing us all over his institution.

In the afternoon I received visits from his Highness Rama Varma, the "Illiah Rajah," *i.e.* heir-apparent, a nice gentlemanly young man of thirty-two, who, like all the Travancore courtiers, speaks English well. He had not long left when his younger brother, his Highness Maktanda Varma, arrived, an affable prince and brother mason; lastly, Mr. Kerala Varma, C.S.I., the husband of the Maharajah's eldest sister, so consequently the senior Ranee of Travancore. Luckily for his Highness, the Illiah Rajah, and his brother, this princess has never had any children, for if she had, her eldest son would have become the Illiah Rajah. I found Mr. Kerala Varma a particularly interesting man to talk with. He is a Fellow of the Madras University, and a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, well-informed, very intelligent, and exceedingly courteous in manner and address; very like his Highness the Maharajah in that respect.

The law of female inheritance which prevails in Travancore, and all along the Malabar coast, is unique, and one that can hardly commend itself to any intelligent man, especially one fond of his home and family. The son of the ruling sovereign never succeeds to the throne. How subversive of domestic happiness this appears to us Englishmen, who love to train up our



## A Visit to Travancore

boys in the way they should go, and delight in watching their development in the hope that they will one day turn out better men than we have ever been, and excel us in the duties, in the performance of which *we* have tried to do our best. But here in Trevandrum the Maharajah has a son of his own, a nice gentlemanly boy in his early teens, whom I met at Mrs. Dawson's garden party, but he is a nobody, and not even allowed to sit whilst his father is present! How I should love to upset all this unnatural etiquette, and were I only Maharajah of Travancore for a while I should most undoubtedly do so! How trying it must be to an intelligent man like his Highness the present Maharajah to have to submit to such domestic isolation!

In the afternoon I attended a garden party given by Mrs. Dawson, the wife of the Commandant of the Nayar Brigade, when all the world and his wife, including

his Highness the Maharajah, were present.

I bade his Highness good-bye there, and left next morning for our jungle shoot. Leaving the Residency at 11 a.m., a delightful drive of thirty odd miles took us to a place called Madathory. We changed horses six or seven times, and had a little trouble with the last pair, one of whom proved to be an accomplished jibber, and her helpmate had not the heart or will to enforce discipline. The country through which we passed was quite lovely, and its wild prolific combination of wood, rock, and water reminded me forcibly of parts of the Trossachs.

My arrival at Madathory was welcomed by one of the most unique and delightfully primitive forms of salutation I ever witnessed or heard of. Surely no general officer, even in ancient history, can ever have had so novel a guard to do him honour.

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We were met here by Mr. Maltby, a renowned "shikari" (i.e. shooting man), who was deputed by his Highness to arrange a shoot for us, and had Mr. Smith of the Forest Department to help him. But "vain is the help of man," say the Holy Scriptures. And certainly in this instance, although Mr. Maltby did all in his power to show us sport, and was indefatigably assisted by Mr. Smith, they could not succeed, and for the simplest of reasons, namely, the game was *non est*. There were elephants, sure enough, but I have fired twice at the dear old "hathi" (Hindustani for elephant), and nothing will ever induce me to fire at one again, unless it be in self-defence. He is too true a friend

to man to be ruthlessly shot, and is, moreover, very difficult to kill, for there are only one or two vulnerable spots in the dear old fellow's huge carcass.

We bade good-bye to Mr. Maltby and Mr. Smith at



CENTRAL GATE, FORT TREVANDRUM. PORTION OF BODYGUARD

Kulattapuza, and a charming drive of twenty-seven miles landed us at the Residency of Courtullum. We were now in the Tinneveli district, and in British territory. But before closing this brief narrative of a delightful tour through Cochin and Travancore, I wish to place on record, how throughout this tour I have everywhere been impressed by the unmistakable evidence of real good government in both these states. I had intended referring in detail to those excellent rules and regulations enacted from time to time by his Highness of Travancore for the better administration of his country, but I fear they would not interest the general reader. It is strange to think how civilised and prosperous both these states now are, when one knows for a fact that slavery only ceased to exist in them forty-five years ago.



## 'Cum the Aftermath'

A SKETCH

UP and down the little pier they paced in quarter-deck fashion, each with his hands tucked deep down in the pockets of his sea-blanket coat, and his oilskin cap pulled well over his ears. They were very silent in their walk, these three old men, who had watched the breakers come and go at Trewithen for over sixty years, and handled the ropes when danger threatened; and Trewithen Cove had sheltered many a storm-driven ship within their memories, and there were grave-mounds in the churchyard on the cliff still

unclaimed and unknown that had been built up by their hands.

Up and down, to and fro they went in the face of the flying spray, in spite of the deepening mist that was creeping up over the darkening sea.

Benjamin Blake—once the handiest craftsman in the cove—was the first to break the silence.

"'Tis a sa-ad night at sea, mates!" he shouted, and the roar of the waves nearly drowned the sound of his voice.

"Iss, tu be zure, Benjamin Blake!"



"THERE'LL BE TERBLE LOSS UV LI-IFE OUT THERE TU-NIGHT"

## 'Cum the Aftermath'

shouted Tom Pemberthy in answer, "an' 'twill be a ba-ad job fer more'n wan boat, I reckon, 'gainst marnin'!"

Then Joe Clatworthy, whose opinions were valued highly in the settlement of all village disputes, so that he had earned for himself the nickname of "Clacking Joe," stood still as they once more turned their backs on the threatening sea, and said his say.

"A tell ee wot 'twill be, mates," he said solemnly and slowly. "You mark my wurds ef it dawn't cum truthy too,—there'll be terble loss uv li-life out there tu-night," and he waved his hand towards the blackening sea, "an' us 'll hev tu dig a fuu more graves, I reckon, cum marnin'!"

"The Lard hev murcy!" said Benjamin Blake, and the three resumed their walk again.

Half-an-hour afterwards they were making their way along the one little street of which Trewithen boasted to their homes; for a storm—the roughest they had known for years—had burst overhead, and a man's life is a frail thing in the teeth of a gale.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the top of the cliff and beyond Trewithen churchyard by the length of a field there stood a tiny cottage, in which lived Jacob Tresidder, fisherman, and his daughter Bess. "Daft Bess" the children called her as they played with her on the sands, though she was a woman grown, and had hair that was streaked with white. She was sitting now by the dying fire in the little kitchen listening to the storm without; the hands of the grandfather clock were nearing the midnight hour, and Jacob Tresidder lay in a sound sleep upstairs hearing nought. She was of the type of fisher-maid common to the depths of Cornwall. The soft rich colouring of her skin reminded one more of the sunny south, and her big brown eyes had always a glow in them. To-night they were more luminous than ever as she sat by the fire watching the sparks flicker and die, as if the dawn of some hidden knowledge were being borne to them on the breath of the storm. The roar of the sea as it dashed up the face of the cliff seemed to soothe her, and she would smile and turn her ear to catch the sound of its breaking on the beach below.

And yet, seven years before, "Daft Bess" had been the brightest and prettiest girl in

Trewithen, and the admiration of every lad in the country round! And Big Ben Martyn, who had a boat of his own, had been the pride of every girl! But he only cared for Bess and she for him. All their lives they had been together and loved,—and a simple, truthful love can only produce its own affinity, though in its travail it pass through pain and suffering, and, maybe, the laying down of life!

Ben Martyn was twenty-five, and his own master, when he asked Bess, who had just turned twenty, to be his wife.

"The cottage be waitin', Bess, my gurr!" he whispered as they sat on the cliff in the summer night; she knitting as usual, and he watching the needles dart in and out. They were very silent in their love, these two, who had been lovers ever since they could paddle.

"'Tis so lawnylly betimes!" he pleaded.

And Bess set his longing heart at rest.

"So soon as vather can spare I, Ben," she said; and she laid her knitting on the rock beside them, and drew his sea-tanned face close down beside her own. "Ee dawn't seek fer I more'n I seek fer ee, deary!" and kissed him.

Thus they plighted their troth.

Then came the winter and the hard work. And one dark stormy night, when the waves rose and fought till they nearly swept Trewithen out of sight, Ben Martyn was drowned. He had been trying to run his boat into the shelter of the cove and failed, and in the morning his battered body lay high and dry on the quiet beach among the wreckage.

For weeks Bess lay in a high fever; and then, when the strain was greater than her tortured mind could bear, and she had screamed loud and long, something snapped in her brain and gave relief. But it left her without a memory, and with the ways and speech of a little child.

Her mind was a blank! She played with the seaweed and smiled, till the women's hearts were like to break for her, and the words stuck in the men's throats as they looked at her and talked.

"She be mazed, poor maid!" they said gently lest she should hear them. "'Twould break Ben's heart ef ee knawed 'ur was so!" And of an evening at the "White Sail," when the swing doors would open to admit Jacob Tresidder to their midst, they would rise and stand, these simple-hearted "children of the sea," with a reverence

## 'Cum the Aftermath'



THE ROCK SHE CLUNG TO GAVE WAY, AND SHE FELL DOWN AND DOWN

that all brave men show to one another when the knife of anguish cuts straight to the heart.

That was seven long years ago. And to-night Bess seemed loth to leave the fire, but sat hugging her knees in a restless fashion, and staring at the blackening embers in a puzzled way. A tremendous

blast struck the cottage, and nearly shook the kitchen window out of its fastenings. The wind came shrieking through the holes in the shutter like a revengeful demon, and retreated again with a melancholy groan. It pleased Bess, and she hugged her knees the tighter, and turned her head and waited for the next loud roar. It came, and then another, and another, till it seemed almost impossible for the little cottage to hold out against its fury! Then "Daft Bess" sprang from her seat with a cry of gladness, and ran out into the night!

Along the path of the cliff she ran as fast as her bare feet would carry her, struggling and buffeting with the wind and spray till she reached the "cutting" down to the beach. It was only a broken track where the rocks sloped and jagged a little, and not too safe

at the best of times. She tried to get a foothold, but the wind was too strong, and she was driven back again and again. Then it lulled a little, and she began to descend.

Half-way down there was an ugly turn in the path, and she waited for a gust to pass before taking it. The wind was

## 'Cum the Aftermath'

stronger than ever out here on the front of the cliff, but she held tight to the jagged rock above.

Round it swept, tearing loose bits of rock and soil from every corner, till her face was cut by the sharpness of the flints! Close against the cliff it blew until she was almost breathless, when the rock she clung to gave way, and she fell down and down!

\* \* \* \* \*

Jacob Tresidder was awake. He had heard a noise like the breaking of delf in the kitchen below, and he wondered if Bess had heard it too. He got out of bed and dressed himself, and then came down the ladder which did service for a staircase to see what was amiss. The flags in the kitchen were strewn with broken plates, and the front kitchen door swung loosely on its hinges. He called Bess, but there was no answer! He went into her room, the bed was untouched since day! Then he pulled on his great sea-boots and cap and went out to look for her.

The day was dawning when they brought her in and laid her on the bed of her little room more dead than alive. She was soaked through and through, and the seaweed still clung about her hair. Jacob Tresidder stood watching her like a man in a dream as she lay there white and silent.

"Us be mighty sore fer ee, so us be!" said old Benjamin Blake, who had helped to bring her home. "But teddin fer yew nor I, Jacob, tu go fornenst His will." And he went out crying like a little child.

There was a slight movement of the

quiet figure on the coverlid, and Jacob Tresidder's heart stopped beating for a moment as he watched his daughter's brown eyes open once more! They wandered wonderingly to where he was, and rested there, and a faint smile crossed the dying lips.

Then he bowed his head between his hands as he knelt beside her, for he knew that God had given her back her memory again; and his sobs were the sobs of a thankful heart.

"Vather!" she whispered, and with an effort she stretched the hand nearest to him and touched his sleeve. "'Tis—all right—now—I be gwine—tu—Ben."

The dying eyes glowed with love; then with a restful sigh the life passed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

They had battened down the last spadeful of new-dug earth, and once again there was a storm-bred mound in Trewithen churchyard.

The three old comrades stood together in silence looking down on it, making little or no attempt to hide the sorrow that was theirs.

Then Tom Pemberthy said, drawing his hand across his tear-dimmed eyes: "Us'll miss ur simple wa-ays, sure 'nuff!"

But it was given to "Clacking Joe" to speak the final words ere they turned their faces homewards.

"'Twas awnly right that we laid ur 'longside o' Ben! When ur was a little chile ur shrimped with 'n! an' when ur was a gert maiden ur walked out with 'n! Please God, ur'll be the furrst tu spake tu 'n —cum the aftermath!"

KATE BURNLEY BELT.

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## Recruiting—Old Style

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO H.M. FORCES

AUTHOR OF "MR. THOMAS ATKINS," "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC.

THERE is no better way of measuring the improvement that has taken place in the moral, social, and material condition of our soldiers, than to compare the recruiting posters now issued with those of former days. I have before me the new artillery poster, which may be seen on barrack gates, and another put forth thirty-six years ago. The first is an attractive, artistic production. It appeals to the patriotism and love of

adventure of intelligent, educated youths; its statements are true, and there is no attempt to deceive. The other is evidently addressed to fools, and supposes so much bovine ignorance and gullibility that it is humorous in its cynicism.

Here it is—

"Stop!—Take notice!

"Fine young single men have now a splendid opportunity of joining the ——. They must measure 5 feet 7 inches, and be between 17 and 25

## Recruiting—Old Style

years of age. They will all receive the same liberal

Bounty of £5 15s. 6d.

"On their arrival at — they will be taught the art of riding, driving, fencing, gunnery, and mechanics, whereby guns are moved with the same facility as a penny whistle; the use and manufacture of gunpowder, sky-rockets, and other beautiful fireworks. They are also lodged in the finest barracks in the world, have light work and good pay! the best beef and mutton that — can afford; and a comfortable place in the barracks, called the 'canteen,' set apart for them to see their friends in, and take a cheerful glass, also an excellent

Library and Reading Room;  
A Park and Pleasure Ground,

with a select number of horses kept for their instruction, health, and amusement.

"After their education is completed, an opportunity will be equally and without favour afforded to all to travel in foreign countries, where they may drink their wine at twopence a bottle! by the new tariff, and return to their friends with money, manners, and experience, with a

Liberal Provision for Old Age.

"As the number of men required for this service will soon be completed, young men desirous of availing themselves of these unequalled advantages are earnestly advised to apply without loss of time to the recruiting party at —.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

"Finest barracks in the world!" At the time this poster was printed the accommodation for our soldiers at home, and especially abroad, was a disgrace to a civilised country.

The beef and mutton then issued were as bad as they could be, though they ought to have been the "best," considering how little there was of them. So much speculation and waste was there in reference to a soldier's rations before the reforms of not many years ago, that there was said to have been then only eight bites in his dinner.

The "park and pleasure ground" meant no doubt a park of artillery and the barrack square, where soldiers had the "pleasure" of going through the foolish evolutions that in those days were considered useful drill.

The "select number of horses kept for amusement" is not unlike what sergeants recruiting for horse and field artillery say now. "Come along with us," they tell the yokels who are hesitating about the military profession, "and you'll 'ave two 'osses each to ride, and when you're tired of riding, why, you can sit on the gun-carriage. A carriage and pair of your own!"

The "opportunity to travel in foreign countries" meant in those days too often an opportunity of never seeing again one's native land, or, if the soldier did return, of doing so with a large slice off his constitution, owing to the wet abomination called here euphemistically "wine."

The "liberal provision for old age" meant, in a great many instances, the workhouse.

The money, manners, and experience with which the old poster promised that soldiers should return from abroad, were seldom seen by the men's friends. What little pay was supposed to be given to a soldier then, was kept from him upon one pretence or another. His manners were of a kind that, when he was in his cups—and he generally was in this condition—he was almost as much dreaded by friends as he was by foes. As for his experience, it was derived for the most part from the inside of drinking-shops in different towns at home, and in different countries abroad.

If there were statements like these in recruiting posters only thirty-six years ago, what must have been the falsehoods in those documents fifty or a hundred years before this time! And if persons of education and high position could stoop to conquer in this way in an official notice under the Royal arms of England, how huge must have been the lies told to country bumpkins by the drill sergeants of the period!

But the old system of recruiting was as full of temptations to drinking and debauchery as it was of lies. Had a recruiting sergeant then become a total abstainer, he would have been as unable to do his work as would have been a truthful man. Even now the work of a recruiting sergeant is morally dangerous. What must it have been in the old bad days! He used then to have an understanding with the landlord of a public-house, or with several of these gentry. The sergeant undertook to bring in as much custom as he could, in return for which he usually got board and lodging for nothing.

There were then, as there are now, foolish lads who, without any idea of enlisting, thought it manly to cultivate the society of the recruiting sergeant, and to stand treat to him. He was a dangerous friend, however. Years ago, one of these old Sergeant Kites boasted that he had enlisted eight or ten men without taking



## Recruiting—Old Style

the trouble of going through any of the legal formalities, or giving to a single one of them the shilling with which an enlistment ought then to have been completed. How did he do it? His answer was this: "I made them all dead drunk overnight, and swore next morning that they had all taken the shilling. They couldn't prove that they had not taken it, so they had no help for it but to pay the smart-money, or be attested."

Then the bounty which is alluded to in the old poster used almost all to be spent upon drink. There were "bounty-lifters," who made a trade of enlisting and deserting for the sake of the bounty. One man confessed that he had received forty-five bounties, and had never done a single day's duty in the army.

The kind of men who enlisted long ago, and the means that were used to get them, are shown by the nickname that still attaches to the 33rd, or West Riding Yorkshire Regiment. They are called "Havercake Lads," because it was customary for the recruiting sergeants belonging to the regiment to carry oat cakes on the point of their swords, in order to entice the hungry to enlist. "Haver" was an old Yorkshire word for oats, hence haver-cake.

During the war with France at the commencement of the century, when it was difficult to get enough soldiers, men who deserved to go to prison were frequently allowed to enter the army instead. The character of our soldiers then was not unlike that of those whom Falstaff commanded, and thus described: "Nay, and



OAT CAKES ON  
THE POINT OF  
THEIR SWORDS

the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves (fettters) on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison."

Surely recruiting of the kind described had much to do with the unpopularity and low social position to which our soldiers were in many cases most unjustly condemned, until Tommy Atkins became "Mr. Thomas Atkins," and "the gentleman in khaki," during the great war in South Africa.

## L'Hôtel des'z Haricots

### THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIONAL GUARD

L'HOTEL des'z Haricots was the State prison for refractory National Guards, and these were legion. It was so called because the poor prisoners who could not afford to pay for food were liberally supplied by the State with two meals of haricot beans per day, and water at discretion to drink. I may as well confess at once that I was a very refractory prisoner. Now I have made this confession, my conscience is at peace.

One day, about the middle of February, I was working hard to finish a picture for the exhibition. The last day for sending in was the twentieth—somehow or other, painters never finish their pictures until the very last hour. I heard footsteps, and turning round saw two real live gendarmes. I asked what they wanted.

"You," was the laconic answer.

"Why," said I, "I have not moved from this place for ever so long."

"That is just it," said the gallant gendarme, "you ought to have surrendered to prison."

"To prison!" said I.

"Do not alarm yourself," he said, handing me a paper headed *General Staff of the National Guard*. The truth flashed on my mind. The National Guard was after me, and the good gendarmes kindly offered to see me safe to prison! But how could I go? I could not spare an hour from my painting, and if I went to the "Hotel" I could not exhibit it. One of the gendarmes, looking at my painting, remarked: "It is very beautiful." I don't know that I was very much flattered. The other, who was a practical man and did not look at pictures, said: "Go with us you must, but I tell you what we will do. We will take you to the General Staff, and no doubt you will be able to arrange the affair comfortably."

I saw a ray of light and said, "Very well, you say to the General Staff that I shall be there very shortly."

The gendarme observed that I did not yet see clearly into the thing. I must go with them!

"What, dragged between you two through the streets, like a murderer or a malefactor of some sort?"

The practical gendarme again came to the rescue. "Take a cab, we are willing to accompany you."

I thought that was very polite. I took a cab. We got to the General Staff, and I was confronted with several officers. I explained my difficulties. The head officer asked when I would surrender.

"My picture must be finished on the 20th. I will be here on the 21st."

A printed paper was handed me. The purport of it was that on my honour I swore to surrender myself within the precincts of the prison between the hours of six in the morning and six in the evening on February the 21st. I signed, and went away rejoicing.

The gendarmes and the officers looked as if it were serious, I thought it was only funny. Playing at soldiers, that was all I could see. The difference between children and men playing at soldiers is that boys know they are playing, men do not, and hence look serious.

Back in my studio, I forgot the National Guard, honour, oath, prison, and all, and worked hard till five o'clock on the 20th. The picture went off. I sat down, and never did the studio look so pretty. What a relief, my picture was gone! None but painters can understand the sweet relief when that picture, begun in a beautiful dream and finished in such a sad awakening, is gone, gone, and leaves a vacant place, ready for a new dream, more beautiful than the last. But poor fellow, you will wake up again as before, sad, disappointed, saying, "Is this all I can do?"

On the 21st, at half-past four, a friend called and said: "I thought you had gone!"

"Gone! Where?" said I.

"To prison."

I had forgotten honour, prison, and all. I jumped up, took his hand, and said, "You have saved more than my life, you have saved my honour."

I took up my traps and was in the prison at a quarter to six; I had saved my good name by a quarter of an hour.

At the gate I was met by the concierge, to whom I explained the case. He was very polite, asked me to sit down, said he

## L'Hôtel des'z Haricots

was very pleased to see me, took my papers, and entered them in a big book, which will no doubt go down to posterity. Then he rang a bell, and the head gaoler appeared; he also looked at my papers. Seeing I was an artist, he came to me and sympathetically expressed his deep regret that the artists' cell was for the present occupied by another artist, a bad National Guard too, like me, but he would give me a cell as near it as possible, so that we might meet in the corridors.

It was getting dark. A prison never looks nice, but when it is getting dark it looks horrible, and to an inmate particularly so; I felt I had got in at the wrong time. Then I entered the prison proper, by big keys and big locks, through dark passages, and I was handed over to an under gaoler with instructions where to land me. Seeing my hesitation in walking in the dark, he gracefully observed that the gas would soon be lighted. I said, "Pray do not light it for me."

"Oh! no," said he, "we could not do that."

After some clanking of keys, my cell was opened. I entered. Gaoler No. 2 told me that presently someone would come to see if I wanted anything; more clanking of keys, and I was locked in. After a little while, a small jet of gas was lighted. I could see above my four bare walls a plank bed with a palliasse in a corner. Under the gas jet, a board with the rules and regulations of the prison, just facing a small deal table, and one straw-bottomed chair completed the furniture of my cell. One iron-barred window, in front of which was a sort of funnel, through which a little filtered light made its way and enabled one to see about two square feet of sky. The door was opposite the window. Midway in the door there was a *guichet*, or opening, about six inches wide, with iron bars on my side, and a small trapdoor through which the gaoler could have an eye on me.

The prison fare was: haricot for breakfast, and haricot beans for dinner, with a slight change occasionally; but those who were anxious to save their country the expense of the prison fare could order what they wished to have, also *vin ordinaire*, not exceeding half a bottle per meal.

My dinner disposed of, I began to reflect on my present position. I wished I had the artists' cell, to see what productions were the offspring of such a dismal

look-out. They said there were good caricatures. Just the sort of place for caricatures, with a vengeance. I would also have liked to see the poets' cell. What sort of poetry could the dungeon inspire? A thought struck me. Alexandre Dumas wrote his "Impressions de Voyage." What if I wrote on the wall my "Impressions of Life in Prison." It might be a precedent, and abler men, such as philosophers, might follow my lead and give their impressions, for there were many philosophers in the National Guard. A good place for philosophy of a certain sort was the National Guard. Not having gone so far as philosophy, and remembering the old adage, "Small beginnings make great endings," I began in my small way:

I arrived here at a quarter to six, was received with all the consideration and kind attention due to misfortune. I have dined, and the charge is very reasonable. I feel very cold; the place is heated by hot air. I think heat is filtered like the light here, there is so little of it. All seems very gloomy. I think, and the more I think the more it seems that philosophy is gaining on me. For fifty years we fought for liberty, shed our blood for it. We National Guards have placed Louis Philippe on the throne, and he throws us in prison. And why? Because I, for one, do not like to play at soldiers. Call that "Liberty," to be made to play a game I don't like? If it were a nice game—but it is not. It is all very well for the officers, finely dressed, with gold epaulettes, and nothing to carry or to do, but look at us full privates, trussed in our uniforms, a heavy gun on our shoulders, a sabre, a cartridge box, knapsack on the back, parading about, mounting guard, patrolling the streets at night. They think it odd I don't like it. If it were to defend something right, that would be work, and I would be found in the ranks as soon as the others. It is not for that I am here, it is only because I won't play.

As I was writing the above, the belfry clock struck nine. Curfew time here. Out went the gas, and left only blackness. Darkness is nothing to that black blackness. I groped along the wall till I got to the corner where my palliasse lay. They call it a bed here. I threw myself on it. How hard it was! A poet could write a book on the miseries of that night; but I am no poet. Only prisoners can appreciate the length of a night, when an hour is as long as a week with the ague on you; but even in prison night comes to an end at last. The light, such as it is, showed a little glimmering. I got up, feeling stiff and stark. I felt no doubt that my hair had turned grey, but there was no looking-glass there; it felt the same as it did the day before. A warder came, and, politely

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as before, offered to show me the lavatory. I expressed my gratitude to him, and made the best use I could of the lavatory, but the means were small. Re-entering my cell, I saw the table laid. I thought I deserved a good breakfast. I had it, and felt all the better for it.

From ten o'clock till four is recreation time. Novices, like myself, are told what it consists of. First the Preau; second, the common room; no third. The Preau is a large square courtyard. The prison side had funnels at all the windows, bound on the three sides by high, grey, frowning walls. Overhead a dark grey sky, underfoot a macadamised ground; not a blade of grass, not a green leaf, nothing but sadness. I did not stay there long. I went into the recreation room; a large room with oak tables here and there, oak benches round the drab painted walls, and oak chairs round the tables. Regulation boards hung all over the walls, so that you should not forget who you were or where you were. By the tables were seated, in groups of three or four, the prisoners, playing either dominoes or draughts.

These were to a certainty Parisians, as dominoes and draughts are essentially Parisian games. Two wretched-looking creatures were seated by a solitary table; they were not playing, and I concluded that they were not Parisians. I sat down by their side. No introduction was needed there, so after the usual "How do you do? dull weather, horrible place," etc., we became confidential.

"You are a newcomer?"

"Yes."

"Here for long?"

"Only for a day, I think."

"Ah! you are not sure?"

"Not quite."

After my examination came theirs:

"Been here long?"

"Three days; four more to do."

Then I asked the other:

"I am here for fifteen days," said he;

"I have ten more to do."

"Fifteen days," I repeated—that is all I could utter. It would have been a gratification to my feelings to repeat it again, but my breath was clean taken away. A mournful silence ensued. When I had sufficiently recovered, I asked, "Can we do nothing or get nothing to cheer us a bit?"

"You can play draughts and dominoes."

"I am not a Parisian," said I.

"You can smoke, and each man is en-

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titled to a bottle of beer provided he pays for it."

"Well," said I, "let us have our bottle of beer each and a smoke."

I was the Amphitryon! We had our bottle apiece, and smoked and talked. One of my comrades was a greengrocer; he had fought in the revolution of 1830, he had been a prop of Louis Philippe's throne, and here he was. The other was a commercial traveller, on his way south on business. As he was stepping into the diligence he was stopped by the two gendarmes, who marched him off to prison. He could not see his wife or children, nor would he be able to see them until visiting day came round—visiting days are such slow walkers. Alas! everything is so slow here. And then, why was I here? Very simple. My last guard was at the Tuileries; my captain did not agree with me, or I did not agree with him. This was the point. I had performed all my duties till ten in the morning; the captain was playing at cards with five or six of the men. I was asked to join, but declined, as I had never played for money. I threw myself on the camp-bed, made of slanting boards, and, placing my knapsack under my head for a pillow, made myself as comfortable as I could on such hard material. Presently the sergeant called No. 14, but he was not there; No. 14 had gone home to bed, leaving to another fellow the honour of mounting a two hours' guard at some Duke or other's door. I heard the Captain say: "No. 7 will go in his place." Now I was No. 7. I got up, and, giving the salute, said: "I humbly beg your pardon, Captain, but No. 7 will not go, because No. 7 thinks it is not just. Let these six gentlemen who are playing cards with you and I draw lots for who will go; if it falls to my lot, then I will do it with pleasure."

The Captain said: "This is insubordination, and I will report you."

"I hope you will not, Captain."

"I assure you I will," said he, firmly.

"If you do, Captain," said I, "you will force me to report you and your friends."

"And for what?" said he, angrily.

"For gambling in the guard-room," said I, showing him the article on the regulation board, which forbids it under penalty and punishment. A bombshell falling in the room would not have caused greater consternation among the players.

All at once there was a revulsion of feeling; all the six, every man Jack of them,

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took the noble resolution of mounting the guard. Only one was wanted, yet the six men, with their guns, seemed ready to fight for the privilege of mounting that one guard. One was more eloquent and more earnest, and won the prize. The Captain went out, the others lay down, and I made a solemn resolution never to mount another guard, and here I am.

Shortly before four o'clock I was called to the office of the gaoler-in-chief. I found him as polite as ever. Somehow I had expected to find him in a sort of cell too; no, not at all: he had a nice clean, neat, little room, with a real fire in it, no funnel at his window. The door of a sitting-room was open—how pretty it was! A pretty little wife, two pretty little children by her side—it seemed an oasis in the desert. Seeing my astonishment, he asked me into the

sitting-room. It was prettier still. I said to the pretty little wife: "One might be happy here, but not up there." She had never been up there. I could not help giving her a sound advice: "If you do not wish to break your heart, never go up there." This model gaoler told me that no other sentence had arrived, and I should be set free at twenty minutes to six in the evening. We shook hands all round. I got my traps ready, and waited anxiously in the porter's lodge very near the gate. The appointed time came, the porter and his big keys, and as when I came he said he was pleased to see me, he thought he must now say he was sorry to lose me; so, polite to the end, he opened the gate and I bolted. I breathed like a free man breathes, and now, like Mr. Micawber, I could look my fellow-man in the face.

## Some Thumbnails, drawn from the Life

### A DESERTER

"Nature," says a famous observer of nature, "is shy, and hates to act before spectators, but in an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of hers worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together."

I saw from an unobserved corner the thing, an account of which follows here:

A little boy went into a barber's shop a Cavalier and came out of it a Roundhead. His father was with him. A lady waited outside the barber's shop in a carriage. The Roundhead, senior, smiled as he handed a packet to this lady. She did not smile as she took it. It contained evidently the Cavalier's ringlets. She looked at it closely, but did not look at the younger Roundhead. The probability is that she could not trust herself to do this in an open carriage, but that within her home she subsequently did so, and wept over the defection.

Why? For this reason:—

Real women all the world over are faithful to the Stuart cause—it is shown in their long hair. The women who clip their hair and make Roundheads of themselves are not real women, but imitation men. Some people are afraid that they will turn into real men. But that is the last thing probable. One does not turn into a real man because one's hair is clipped. Even the little deserter who is the subject of this sketch did not; though his expression in the first elatement of being a Roundhead like his father was one that said:

"I am now a real man."

The lady who held the ringlets, though she

did not look at him, probably knew that this was the expression of the deserter, her son, a Cavalier no more.—ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

### MAY AND DECEMBER

May walked on the old lady's right and I walked on her left. May had been silent for full five minutes. The old lady turned to her.

"You're marvellously subdued, child. Life is something more than a game of tiddledy-winks, eh?"

No answer from May.

"What has come over Miss Malapert?"

Miss Malapert is one of the old lady's names for May, who at ten years of age is an oracle.

"If it's me you mean, gran'ma," was answered in chilling tones, "nothing has come over me."

"Don't be so dignified, child. It frightens me."

The old lady appeared to tremble. May laughed and exclaimed:

"You are a silly, gran'ma!"

"That may be the truth, but it's not respectful, May," was said in a voice which was not quite steady. "I never told my grandmothers they were sillies. I should have been whipped if I had."

"They weren't as nice as you are, gran'ma."

"Weren't they?" (a slow smile). "Now that's very nicely put, and decides me not to whip you for the other thing."

Whip—HER! All golden bells in the world were set a-chime. It was May's laughter putting music to these words.

*Nous avons changé tout cela!*

—ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



## An Editor and His Friends

MR. WILLIAM STEVENS, who has for many years edited this magazine, was recently entertained at luncheon by a large company of his old friends and fellow-workers. It occurred to one of our esteemed contributors that the occasion of his seventieth birthday was a fitting opportunity to present him with a token of affection and regard. Mr. F. Carruthers Gould (the well-known caricaturist) presided. He spoke of Mr. Stevens as a good man and a Christian gentleman, as one who had set a high example to all journalists of courtesy, truth, and literary purity; as a man of unswerving adherence to principle, and at the same time broad-minded and tolerant to those who did not agree with him. On behalf of the subscribers he handed Mr. Stevens a beautiful gold watch with inscription, and a cheque for £121. The other speakers were the Rev. Prebendary White, D.D., Mr. Tighe Hopkins, Miss Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Charles Peters, and Mr. Adam Rankine.

*The Manchester Guardian* said:—"Mr. Stevens is not only one of the most admirable and high-minded figures in London journalism, but he has maintained a singularly affectionate relationship with the host of contributors of whom he has been at once the editor and the friend. References to many famous names lighted up Mr. Stevens's touching story of his editorship—a story to which it was hard to listen without emotion, so human and so sincere was it."

We are sure that our readers will be glad to have in permanent form the word of thanks and reminiscence in which Mr. Stevens responded. He said: Mr. Gould, ladies and gentlemen, I am not sure whether I can speak to you. I wish I could have seen Mr. Langbridge here face to face to-day, for it was a most kind thought of his to wish to speak to me thus, just when I am going out into the silences. I have had pleasant days of work given me to do; I could not have done less, and I should often have rejoiced if I could have done more. In the doing of that work as well as I could, I have had the good fortune to make many friends. I thank you for this beautiful gift and for all the kind things you have said, and of which I do not think I am worthy. I dare not speak of that, and I will turn, therefore, to something else. I read lately that Professor Huxley said, "All scientific men should be struggled at sixty lest they should harden against new ideas." I am not alarmed at this scientific Hooliganism (laughter). Fortunately, I still nurture in my heart new ideas when they promise to be for the brightening of the life and the helping of others. Any one who has had anything to do with the work I have done would have a feeling that new and

old ideas go together in the progress of the world (applause).

I cannot think of the years that have passed without recalling those who have gone. So many have fallen within the last two years with whom I had an intimacy and a friendship, that I have seemed to be coming nearer to that silent land which so many of us have to cross before we reach the bourne. In the last few weeks there are three amongst our contributors. There is Harry Jones, who was an indefatigable servant of his fellows; there is Henry Harper, with his zeal for Palestine and the Bible, and there is J. S. Stone, whose "Sonnets of the Christian Year" passed through *The Leisure Hour* and were worthy in every way of the author of "The Church's One Foundation," and other famous hymns. I also remember the pleasant times with Dr. Macaulay.

The days to which I look back were days of strange wild Bohemian ways. It was a time when an editor's room seemed to be public property. One of my series of recollections is of a young man with a bright Scotch face. He had a terrible struggle to live, and he used occasionally to go and find solace with Carlyle. He vanished at last. There was another young man whose ambition was of a more fanatical kind. And when he had slept in the streets or the Park the night before, he would say calmly the next day, "I am only doing what Johnson or Savage did. They walked there before me." He also vanished. And I remember a novelist who had a wonderful habit of losing his purse when travelling by rail, and who on such occasions found it convenient to communicate with the nearest editor for assistance (laughter).

And there was a lady who wished to improve her literary style. She handed in a story, a great deal of which I recognised as taken word for word from another book. Now there are times when an editor must be severe and must ask questions. I sent for the lady, and the explanation she gave was that she had been to the British Museum and had copied some passages from this other book, as she was anxious to improve her style of one chapter, and these passages had by some unfortunate mistake been slipped into her original manuscript (laughter).

There was a mad miller. He called upon me and said there was an advertisement in *The Times* appointing an interview at twelve o'clock in my room with a certain captain. I was very glad to keep the table between him and me (laughter). When the captain did not come I got rid of him by asking him if he would like to read a little more about that gentleman, and I gave him a few notes with which he went away.

A countess came with rich ancestral rings—

## An Editor and His Friends

really so—upon her finger, and asked me to lend her money to get her husband's dress-coat out of pawn in order that he might go out to dine in Russell Square (loud laughter).

And a crowd of young artists came—many of them from the schools—bright and hopeful. There was one whose struggle with starvation was a lesson in courage to us all. He eventually passed over to the schools in Paris, where he succeeded.

And then the plague of editors (laughter), but there are some that give pleasure. I must have had 50,000 through my hands in my experience. There have been times when you might imagine that all English literature was constituted by a dozen names, or that there were not more than five or six preachers worth listening to. But if you were to take a course of manuscripts you would find that England was not so poor.

I remember a little manuscript with a brown-paper cover, the writing of which I did not know, but Charles Dickens knew it well; I read it, and it found a place in *The Sunday at Home*. It no sooner appeared than a number of letters arrived from north, south, east and west. The first was from Cardiff from some one interested in prisons and social questions. That little story was put into a book, and it caught the eye of Lord Shaftesbury, who spoke of it with all the glowing enthusiasm so characteristic of him. Its sale, without any advertisement, has hardly yet ceased, and it must number many millions. It was "Jessica's First Prayer."

I also remember opening one morning a little white paper roll the handwriting of which I did not know. It was on "The Beauty of Rain," and before I had read to the end of it in my dingy room I could scent the freshness of earth

after a summer's drought. That also appeared in *The Sunday at Home*. Other manuscripts from the same author followed, but strange to say, one letter after another came. The series was printed as a book, and Ruskin saw them and went into raptures. They got out to Australia even, and were there read by an English clergyman who, doubtless, felt the vividness of their power. That clergyman returned home and became a bishop, and the first piece of preferment he had at his disposal was a Prebendal stall at Wells. That stall the bishop gave to the writer of those papers because he had not forgotten them (applause). The title was "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," and that author was Mr. Vernon.

And I remember, too, in Dr. Macaulay's days, little notes that used to come sometimes beginning, "Mr. Tennyson's little boy would like to know," and then a question followed, and at the end was the word "Hallam." And now let me recall the line of Longfellow:

"The world belongs to those that come last."

I say to those who come after me, God speed them; God give them a steadier pulse, an unwearied brain,

an untiring energy. God give them the future vision that they may see what is needed. The world is crying out for leaders (applause).

In conclusion, let me thank you all who have done so much, and for the kind things you have said of me. The presents you have given me I shall gratefully cherish. I thank my old companions and fellow-workers, and rejoice to think of days I have spent with them. I hope the seventy years given unto me may be given also unto you. Just one word more. I would like to say, when you talk of editors, what would an editor be but an empty folly without contributors? (laughter and applause).



## Girls' Book Lists

WHEN Emma, the heroine of Miss Austen's fascinating novel, was twelve years old, she began drawing up lists of books that she intended to read. Excellent lists they were, well chosen and neatly arranged, "sometimes alphabetically and sometimes by some other rule." Such book lists were much in vogue with the young ladies of the last century; and when they were written out in the neat penmanship of the day, with elaborate rulings and ornamental headings, they seem to have been put away carefully in a drawer, and forgotten or "taken as read." The act of making the list engendered a pleasant feeling of virtue; it showed a desire for culture. But the effort usually exhausted all the energy available.

Of course we have progressed a good deal since Miss Austen's days, and can afford to smile at the state of feminine culture then prevailing; but it is interesting to note that we have not yet left off making lists. The great difference is that, while in old days people made them for themselves, they now make them for each other. We have grown more altruistic, if not much more practical.

Of this list-making for other people we have had a good many examples of late. Sir John Lubbock seems to have been the pioneer with his hundred best books that he thought other people ought to read. It is amusing to remember the scathing criticism to which Ruskin subjected this list, striking out "blottesquely" some of its prime favourites. Then we had lists of the hundred best novels, the hundred best books for a village library, etc.; but neither the novel readers nor the village libraries seem to have been much the better for them. The public still declines to recognise the paramount authority of any self-appointed book-chooser.

There remained the method of the *plébiscite*, and this was recently adopted by the "Daily News," which offered a prize of £10 for the best list of a hundred children's books, the prize to be awarded in the fashion now popular for choosing Prime Ministers, Poet Laureates, and the like. It was, in fact, to go to that competitor whose list corresponded most closely to that of the majority of his rivals. This was the

triumph of altruism. The list-maker who yearned for success must write down not the books he liked best himself, nor yet those likely to appeal to young readers, but those he thought it probable that the 999 other competitors would prefer. This of course excluded from the competition all new books except such as have been widely boomed by the press, and stopped any attempt to unearth from obscurity many really excellent children's books that deserve to be better known. The most useful list would have least chance of success. Some really excellent lists were sent in, but their very excellence put them out of court. The champion list was bound to be the triumph of commonplace. No wonder "Punch" expressed its sympathy with the West Ham Library, for whose benefit the suggestions were supposed to be made, at the result of the competition.

"For many in this little list  
Bear titles ominous with warning."

Imagine a modern librarian being advised to put on his shelves by way of something quite new and original such works as "Sandford and Merton," Miss Edgeworth's "Tales," the "Lamplighter," and "Æsop's Fables." There is an impression of Rip van Winkle about these survivals of past generations. Surely they are far removed from the thoughts, lives, and aspirations of latter-day children! In fact, they suggest the grown-up person in his most degenerate condition, and we cannot help realizing that to a certain extent it is the grown-ups who have the choosing of the young people's books, and wondering what these may have to say to the fare here offered them.

With a view to getting some light on this point of view, several hundred school-girls were invited to draw up lists of their favourite books. Further details were asked of some. Here are the questions set to a number of girls in various High Schools:

1. Give a list of your favourite books. What kind of book do you like best?
2. Have you ever read or heard of "Sandford and Merton"? If you have read it, what is your opinion of it?
3. Do you ever read anything besides

## Girls' Book Lists

stories for your own amusement? If so, what do you like to read best, or what have you read?

In the large majority of cases the second question was answered by a simple negative. A minority had heard of the book, but apparently the report had not proved attractive. One girl states as her reason for not reading it: "I have heard it is not very nice"; while another has "read a parody on it, and heard of the proper book." Some have grappled with it in vain. "I read one chapter, and laid it aside in despair"; "Have read part of it, but I didn't like it," "I could scarcely get through it"; "Didn't finish it, because it was too moral." Such are the comments. "I only read half, and I didn't like it very much," says a girl whose favourite book is More's "Utopia." Others struggled on to the bitter end, but their comments are not flattering. "Yes, but I didn't like it"; "I think it rather silly." "Babyish" is a frequent epithet. "Horrid little book," says a girl who read it because she had nothing better. "I don't care for it," says a girl of thirteen, who delights in Dr. Schliemann's "Troy" and "Mycenæ." The complimentary remarks are so few that they may be given in full. "I like it very much; but one of the boys, I think, is too proud and the other one too good"; "I think it fairly nice, but it is not one of my favourites"; "I like it pretty well, but it is rather long"; "I liked it"; "I like it very much"; "I think there are some very nice stories in it."

Probably these answers may be taken as representative, at any rate of the views of intelligent girls, and we need not try to drag forth "Sandford and Merton" from the limbo of forgetfulness, where it is enjoying well-earned repose after faithful service to past generations. Its place is with the forgotten children's books. *Requiescant in pace!* Our modern children have no use for such books, because happily they have something better to read. It is not their antiquity that puts them out of court, but their unreality. Instinct tells children that these Harry Sandfords and Master Jims and Miss Sophias lack the vivifying touch of Nature, just as surely as it turns successive generations of readers with never-failing joy to *Ivanhoe* and *Rosalind and Alice*. Children are conservative in their affections, and like an old book quite as well as a new one if it appeals to their sense of actuality. If it does not, they suspect the author of wilfully distorting

facts for the sake of pointing a moral or in some other way talking down to them. In their resentment they dub the book babyish, and are as angry with the too moral hero as Jimmy Brown was with the boy in the story who persisted in "setting good examples and getting innocent boys into trouble."

"Sandford and Merton" belongs to an extinct class, popular about a hundred years ago, when children were supposed to read solely for improvement, and little if at all for amusement. The "shocking example" was a popular character in these books, but he usually spoilt his case by repenting in the last chapter and becoming as uninteresting as the priggish hero. Still there was some fun to be got out of him. The same could hardly be said for Miss Edgeworth's educational stories, though their morals were addressed to parents rather than children. Modern girls would be greatly shocked at the cruelty of Rosamund's mamma, who allowed her to go about in worn-out shoes and run the risk of serious lameness as a practical proof of the superiority of boots over purple jars. These stories might help to induce contentment by teaching modern girls how superior is their lot to that of children in the "good old times"; but this is scarcely necessary, for High-School girls are a happy race, not at all addicted to grumbling. So, *pace* the "Daily News," which includes them in its champion list, we may safely put Miss Edgeworth's tales on the shelf, or rather take them off it, so far as our children are concerned. Of several hundred lists sent in, not one includes them. They are not dead, but their function is changed; they belong to the antiquities of literature, not to the living works of to-day.

The ultra-moral story is dead, never to be resuscitated. Another class of children's book is dying, but it dies hard. This is the ultra-sentimental. Time was when the true heroine had to be consumptive and die at the end of the book, leaving the reader in tears. It was considered correct for girls to finish these stories in the privacy of their own room, where they could enjoy their grief undisturbed. These melancholy joys were very precious. They called forth not so much the purifying emotions of pity and terror as a sense of sadness soothing in its unreality. The delight was in sentiment, dangerously verging on sentimentalism, that still enduring temptation of the school-girl. To the sentimental type belong such



## Girls' Book Lists

books as "The Wide, Wide World," "The Daisy Chain," and "The Lamplighter," as well as a good many others that lacked the merits that have enabled these to survive. These are still favourites, if we may argue anything from the thirty-eight votes received by "The Wide, Wide World," and thirty by "The Lamplighter." One girl of nine has a preference for "books about sadness and death"; but she also likes fairy tales, and ghost stories, and devil stories, so that her tastes, if somewhat morbid, are at any rate sufficiently catholic. Far commoner is the preference for "girls who have ambitions, who write stories and gain fame for themselves," "exciting stories," "true adventures of people who have lived," and "historical tales." Adventure stories and historical tales are run very close by stories of school life; but in a good many cases it is expressly stated that these must be about boys' schools. The modern school-girl still lacks her exponent, and the old-fashioned school story is merely an anachronism. Life at a boys' school, with its games and its freedom, comes much nearer to her experience; and, lacking the intimate knowledge of the boy, she accepts with like favour Farrar's "Eric" and Kipling's "Stalky." Detective stories, notably of course "Sherlock Holmes," soldier tales, the newspaper, especially war news, cited by girls of all ages as favourite reading, show that the trend towards actuality so characteristic of the present age has also affected the rising generation. New unwritten canons are being evolved by them. A little while ago Edna Lyall's "In the Golden Days" was being read aloud to a party of girls. Intense was the sorrow when Hugo was reported dead from the effects of the public whipping, and great the rejoicing when it turned out that the report was false and he had only fainted. But one of the listeners exclaimed gleefully: "I knew that was what would happen. I was sure Hugo could not be dead, for, you see, he is the hero of the book, and of course the hero can't die." Modern children demand imperatively that heroes shall not die, but triumphantly vanquish their enemies, and live happily ever after. Since this is what they demand, they are likely to be satisfied, and modern children's writers at any rate will resort less and less to that cheap and unsatisfactory escape from a difficult situation—the murder of their characters.

Of course sentimentalism will never quite die; it is always cropping up in new

places. The success of the new Scottish school, with the true pathos of its leaders and the sentimentality of their followers, is a case in point. A few of the older girls put some of Barrie's and Crockett's books on their lists, but most of the answers come from girls under fifteen, who like a very different kind of book. Their favourite hero is Little Lord Fauntleroy. They are to be congratulated on their choice. The book is healthy, bright, and amusing, moral without being didactic, and in all essentials true to life. It takes time, however, for a children's hero to establish himself, since the dilatory grown-ups must first discover him and disburse the amount of the book before he can really come into his own. The position is further complicated by the questions of copyright and cheap editions. Kipling's Mowgli is the prince of modern heroes; once he is introduced to the nursery or schoolroom, he carries everything before him; but he is published at six shillings and costs four shillings and sixpence, while "Alice in Wonderland," the beloved of children old and young, is now issued in a sixpenny edition and can be bought at fourpence halfpenny. If the "Jungle Book" receives sixteen votes to "Alice's" sixty-three we need not conclude that Alice is four times as popular without realising that Mowgli is twelve times the price. A sixpenny Jungle Book would be an interesting experiment, and a boon to large classes of boys and girls. Nor would it be at all surprising if it proved a financial success. This question of price is becoming more than ever important owing to the ever-widening circle of readers. A few years ago an intelligent artisan told me that he read all the poets whom he could purchase for a shilling or less. He regretted being entirely cut off from Tennyson. Now he may get a good selection for a penny, and almost everything he is likely to want, except unfortunately the "Idylls," in two sixpenny volumes. This question of price applies very specially to children's books; few parents give much serious thought to the choice of these, and cheapness is a distinct recommendation. There is no children's Mudie, and school libraries, always excepting at boys' public schools, are in a very elementary condition in England; therefore, children read the books that their parents are willing to buy for them. Since cheapness generally implies the expiration of copyright, it is natural



## Girls' Book Lists

enough that old books should figure rather prominently.

The total number of lists sent in from High and Board Schools contain many hundred different books, and the labour of indexing them all would be very great and not particularly remunerative. I have therefore chosen out the prime favourites, arranging some according to authors, others according to single books. Louisa Alcott is obviously still the most popular writer for girls; but votes are divided between "Little Women," "Little Men," "Good Wives," and "Jo's Boys." Scott is as popular as ever, but some prefer "Ivanhoe," others "Kenilworth" or "The Talisman." It therefore seems best to arrange them in an authors' list, especially since in most cases several works by these writers appear on the lists. Here are the first ten on the list in order of preference:

- |                 |                                  |
|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. L. Alcott.   | 6. Scott.                        |
| 2. Shakespeare. | 7. Edna Lyall.                   |
| 3. Dickens.     | 8. Mrs. Molesworth.              |
| 4. Tennyson.    | 9. Henty.                        |
| 5. L. T. Meade. | 10. Miss Yonge—historical tales. |

Omitting all by these authors, the twenty books that receive most votes are these:

	Votes.
1. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" . . .	71
2. "Alice in Wonderland" . . .	63
3. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" . . .	47
4. "Robinson Crusoe" . . .	40
5. "Wide, Wide World" . . .	38
6. "Grimm's Fairy Tales" . . .	33
7. "Eric, or Little by Little" . . .	
8. "Lamplighter" . . .	30
9. "What Katy Did" . . .	27
10. "St. Winifred's" . . .	23
11. "Arabian Nights" . . .	20
12. "Water Babies" . . .	19
13. "Andersen's Fairy Tales" . . .	18
14. "Jungle Book" . . .	16
15. "Westward Ho!" . . .	
16. "Swiss Family Robinson" . . .	15
17. "Teddy's Button" . . .	13
18. "Tom Brown's Schooldays" . . .	12
19. "Lorna Doone" . . .	11
20. "Stalky and Co." . . .	

This second list is somewhat commonplace, as might be expected from the result of a *plébiscite*, but in judging it one or two points should be borne in mind.

The books which receive most votes are as a rule available in cheap editions, several at fourpence halfpenny.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Robinson Crusoe" owe their prominent positions largely to the Board School vote. The

former scarcely appears in a single High School list.

With a few exceptions, the real favourites are to be sought from the authors' list. Few single books gain a large number of votes, owing to the great variety of the lists. But the position given to Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Scott, and to such wholesome modern writers as Henty, L. T. Meade, and Mrs. Molesworth, does great credit to the taste of the rising generation. It is interesting to compare with these a list of the most popular children's books made two years ago by *The Academy* from the results of booksellers' sales—a very different source of information:

1. "Alice in Wonderland."
2. "Robinson Crusoe."
3. Lang's Fairy Books.
4. "Andersen's Fairy Tales."
5. "Water Babies."
6. Mrs. Molesworth's Stories.
7. "Eric" and "St. Winifred's."
8. "Jungle Book."
9. "Grimm's Fairy Tales."
10. "Treasure Island."

There is a striking resemblance between these two results, though so differently obtained, the more remarkable when we remember that in the one case boys and girls are considered, in the other girls only. This accounts for the absence of "Treasure Island" in the latter list. A few girls have put down some of Stevenson's books, but as a rule his adventure stories are a little too "blood-curdling" for the feminine mind.

Taking the two sets of results together, there is no doubt that they shed a good deal of light on the taste of present-day girls, so long as we bear in mind the sage remark of the March hare, that "I like what I get" is not the same as "I get what I like." Few public libraries have a good up-to-date children's section; school libraries are terribly hampered by want of funds, and few girls have such wealthy and generous parents that they are enabled to say: "The world is all before me where to choose." "I read every book that I can get, if I am allowed to," says one girl. "I like all sorts very much." "I like all I have read," say others. Both boys and girls often complain of the limited range offered them. "I should read much more," writes a boy who has been asked about his literary taste, "but I have ransacked the libraries of this town without finding anything but novels and the like."

## Girls' Book Lists

Girls, too, are by no means anxious to be limited to fiction, as is shown by the answers to the third question: "Do you ever read anything besides stories for your own amusement?" A large proportion of the answers testify to a liking for poetry, and this result bears out the experience of many teachers. Poetry is often read eagerly by girls who in prose will tolerate nothing but fiction. One girl writes: "I never read books about travels or anything like history because they are too dry, but I sometimes read a little poetry out of magazines." "Not natural history or geography," writes another, "but I like poems." "I like poetry best," is a common remark. "I like to read poetry." "I like poetry best after stories," etc. One girl has read most of Shakespeare's plays, another has read all except the histories. Chief favourites after Shakespeare are Tennyson, Longfellow, and Scott. Chaucer, Spenser, Browning, Wordsworth, and Byron are also mentioned. The younger girls read stories from the great poets and "Tales from Shakespeare," but they soon learn to prefer Shakespeare to Lamb. Kingsley's "Heroes" and other volumes of Greek tales are also very popular, appealing to the same faculties. One girl names the Classical Dictionary as a favourite book, but most prefer their mythology in a more diluted form.

Poetry and mythology appeal to the imaginative faculties, so strongly developed in most girls, and supply a want that would otherwise be filled by sentimental rubbish. Next in order of preference come history and biography. As Pope somewhat sententiously expresses it, "the proper study of mankind is man," and the first intellectual craving of the youthful mind is for stories about people. These may be said to include fairies and animals, for the fairy of these stories is just a human being who is specially interesting on account of his superlative power and beauty or his excessive and demoniacal wickedness; while the peculiar charm of the fairy-tale animal consists in his talking and dressing up and playing a part which no real natural history animal could perform. In fact, he is a sort of pantomime beast with a man inside. In older children this interest in persons turns to a love for biography, adventure, and history, as well as to every sort of story. Sixty girls put down history as favourite reading; a few evince an active

dislike to it. One likes historical tales only "if they are very thrilling and blood-curdling." Another previously quoted thinks all history "dry." "I like all kinds of books except historical ones and the 'Arabian Nights'" expresses an odd combination of dislikes; but it is easy to understand the repugnance that sensitive girls often feel for these too Eastern stories. Next to history in popularity comes the newspaper, which is history in the making, and books on the Transvaal and about Queen Victoria's early life. That is natural enough. The topical interest might well be utilised by putting into the children's way more books on recent English history and simple accounts of colonial expansion. Picturesque accounts of some portions of foreign histories should also find a place on the shelves of school libraries.

Biography, too, is popular. Just now lives of soldiers seem to rank first. Wellington, Nelson, and Napoleon share the interest with "Bobs" and our other South African heroes. "Tales of brave people," "Stories about somebody's life and adventures," "The lives of musicians, soldiers, sailors, and writers"; "The lives of great people," "The lives of heroes," "I like reading about famous people,"—these express some of the preferences. Travel and adventure, too, find many adherents. The voyages of Captain Cook and Columbus are instanced. "I like tales of fighting like the Indian Mutiny," says one. As long as the human interest is duly emphasized, fact, fiction, history, biography, and adventure are all alike welcome to the healthy-minded girl.

Last of all comes science, which is so much more interesting in the lessons with actual experiments or concrete specimens that can be handled and examined than in a reading book with flat pictures and diagrams, that it is not surprising it should take a subordinate place as a subject for reading. A few votes are given to natural history and botany; one girl delights in astronomy, another likes the "Library of Useful Stories."

Perhaps the best method of deciding whether taste is improving would be to preserve some of the book lists (i.e. of books read, not merely contemplated) of each generation, and let posterity pronounce judgment. I do not think the law of progress will prove to have broken down.

ALICE ZIMMERN.

# Over-Sea Notes

## *From Our Own Correspondents*



### **New Zealand and Penny Postage**

NEW ZEALAND boasts that she leads the van in the civilisation of the world. This is rather a big boast, but in the matter of a universal penny postage she is undoubtedly first. Directly it was decided upon, Mr. Ward, post-master-general of New Zealand, cabled to Sir Edward Poynter,

President of the Royal Academy, entrusting him with the designing of the new stamp. The instructions sent were that the stamp was to be emblematical of New Zealand diffusing the benefits of the reduced postage throughout the world. It was to be a scenic stamp suitable to the colony and its special circumstances. Many members of the House, and other colonials, were disappointed that her Majesty's head is not to be on the stamp, but Mr. Ward emphatically declared that its absence showed no want of loyalty, that not all Australian and Canadian stamps had the Queen's head, and no one could accuse those colonies of disloyalty, that he had ordered one million stamps, and when these were used the design could be altered if the colony wished. The stamps were to reach New Zealand in November or December, and the penny postage was to be instituted on January 1, 1901. The postage in New Zealand and Australia has been before this 2d., and from there to other countries 2½d.—AURIHI PEKA.

### **An Era in Canadian History**

THE contemporary history of Canada almost inevitably falls into the periods covered by the different Dominion Administrations at Ottawa. The period of the first Laurier Administration, which began in the summer of 1896 and ended in the early winter of 1900, was more full and more eventful than any other administration since Confederation. From the point of view of the Empire as a whole, it was indeed the most eventful period, in the nineteenth century, of the

colony. In 1897 came the preferential tariff for Great Britain. In 1898 penny postage between Canada and Great Britain was established. In 1899 Canadian Government Bonds were placed on the official trustee list of securities in England, a forward movement which meant much as a testimony to the financial standing and integrity of the Dominion. Finally, in 1899 and 1900, came the participation of Canada in the war in South Africa, and the outbursts of loyalty to the mother country which attended the recruiting, and departure, and return of the Canadian troops. Canada began to get closer to Great Britain in the year of the preferential tariff and the Jubilee of her Majesty's sixty years' rule. The relationship became still closer with the events which have been mentioned, and the nineteenth century ended with the tie between the colony and the mother land closer and more real than at any time since the British flag has waved from the old citadels at Halifax and Quebec.

For Canada itself, the period covered by the Laurier Administration, 1896—1900, was marked by unprecedented prosperity: by the opening out and partial development of the gold-bearing territories of the Yukon; by the extension of the Intercolonial Railway from its old terminus at Levis opposite the city of Quebec to Montreal, and by a change for the better in financial and administrative history of the Government railways; by the completion of the great work of deepening the St. Lawrence Canals; by the commencement of work on the great bridge which is to cross the St. Lawrence at Quebec; and finally, by the beginning of the new industrial era in the Cape Breton country, which will soon rank among the great steel-producing centres of the Old and the New World. In these four years there was less friction than formerly between Canada and her great neighbour the United States. To some extent Canada profited by the improved relations between Great Britain and the United States which have existed since the war in Cuba; and although there are still several questions outstanding between the Dominion and the United States, there was infinitely less bitterness in the discussion of them than in former years, when much ill-temper was infused into these border-line controversies.—E. P.

### Steamers from Chicago to Liverpool

THE Government of Canada owns the magnificent chain of canals which connects the Great Lakes with the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and in 1899 the Department of Works at Ottawa completed the deepening of the canals and the widening and lengthening of the locks. Although these canals are Canadian, they are international in character. They are much used by American lake shipping, and American enterprise has not been slow to profit by their recent enlargement, and the opportunities it affords for a new style of vessel adapted to both lake and ocean service. At shipbuilding yards on the American side of the lakes, two fleets are now in building for use in lake and Transatlantic services. One of these new fleets is to have its home port at Chicago, and is to be employed in an ordinary freight service between Chicago and European ports. The second fleet will have Cleveland, on Lake Erie, as its home port, and it will be chiefly engaged in carrying steel to any part of the world in which there is demand for the product of the famous Pennsylvania furnaces. Vessels two hundred and fifty feet long, forty-two feet beam, and two thousand tons burden can now pass from the lakes to the sea.

The fleets in building at the American lake ports are specially designed for service through the canals. Those intended for carrying steel from Cleveland are also to be so designed as to admit of their service in the coal-carrying trade during the period from November to April, when ice closes the St. Lawrence and the canals which connect it with the lakes. There has always been immensely more American than Canadian tonnage on the lakes. At the present time the steel industry of the United States is being concentrated near the shores of Lake Erie, because of the cheap water carriage of iron ore from the mining country at the head of Lake Superior. These are the great furnaces whose product is increasingly coming into competition with that of the steel-making plants of England and Scotland; and it is not a little remarkable that, as a result of Canada's recent enormous expenditures on the Dominion canals, their first international service will be to aid American steel manufacturers in their increasing competition with those of Great Britain. Both these new American fleets for the lake and ocean service are to be completed early in 1901, by which time Chicago and Cleveland will be brought into direct connection with Liverpool and London.—E. P.

### The Great Siberian Railroad

As the great Siberian railway draws near its completion, public attention is becoming more and more attracted to a work which is not only a vast undertaking in itself, but which bids fair to draw East and West nearer, and to revolutionise in time the entire commerce and politics of the East. An interesting German book on Siberia and its great railway, by Dr. Kurt Wiedenfeld, which has just been published, has attracted general attention on the Continent, and it will be of interest to our readers if we extract some of the more important particulars to which Dr. Wiedenfeld gives prominence.

It was only in 1890 that the first steps were taken to realise the vast project of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and only in 1896 that the first committee meeting took place to arrange for the expenditure of £500,000 on preliminary work. The actual Siberian road begins at Chebalinsk, in lat. 55°, and traverses Siberia until it reaches Vladivostock, on the Pacific. The South Manchurian branch will end at Port Arthur and Talienwan. From Chebalinsk to Vladivostock the distance is over 4300 miles, about 600 miles more than the American Pacific line. A better idea may be had of its length, when it is stated that from Bâle in Switzerland to the Russian frontier the distance is only about one thousand miles.

Of the numerous particulars given by Dr. Wiedenfeld, one of the most curious is, that if all the bridges of the Siberian road were placed in a line they would extend over 35 miles. There is only a single line of rails, but whether the railway is crossing the steppe, or zigzagging up the mountains near Lake Baikal, the Russian gauge is uniformly kept. The rails hitherto employed on large sections of the line are very imperfect, and efforts are being made to substitute better, but the cost is enormous, owing to the distance over which all this heavy freight must be transported. At the present time, so imperfect is the general structure of the road, that passenger trains are not able to exceed a rate of 13 miles an hour, and heavy goods trains will be limited to 8 miles. At this rate of travelling passengers will require 20 days from Moscow to Vladivostock, and goods from 40 to 50 days. The worst of it, however, is, that even over these sections of the line already open to traffic there are most inadequate supplies of rolling stock. To every 70 miles of line there are only 10 locomotives, 5 passenger carriages, and 122 goods wagons. It has never yet been



## Over-Sea Notes

authoritatively stated what the actual cost of the line will be. Dr. Wiedenfeld thinks that at the very least it will amount to one hundred million pounds. In order that this gigantic capital shall pay 4 per cent., it will be necessary that each mile of line show a profit of £400 per annum, and as no prospect of anything of the kind is possible for many years, it follows that the Russian Government will be obliged to disburse enormous sums every year until the railway becomes a "paying concern." For 1901 this sum is calculated at over six million pounds sterling.

Siberia has a population of about six millions, of whom five millions are Russians. Emigration from Russia is on a considerable scale, and it is reasonable to assume that in a few years' time these figures will be doubled. The Government is doing much to regulate the stream of emigration, and to supply new emigrants with everything for their start in life. Last year over two million pounds were devoted to these objects. An idea may be had of the facilities afforded to emigrants, when it is stated that the price of a railway ticket from one end of Siberia to the other is only fifteen shillings. The land is wonderfully rich in coal and iron, also in the precious metals, but it will be years before sufficient capital to work the mines successfully will be attracted to Siberia. On the other hand, the staple industry of the land is and must remain agriculture. Manchuria, the Ussuri region, and generally speaking the whole of Eastern Siberia, are the finest wheat-producing districts in the world. Notwithstanding the limited population, and the vast distances to be traversed, the export of wheat from Siberia begins to be felt in the West. In three years it has risen from 245,000 tons to over 600,000. Another curious fact is, that a whole train laden with Siberian butter arrives every week on the shores of the Baltic for transshipment to Western ports. No trials have yet been made to forward tea over the Siberian line, but it is anticipated that as soon as everything is in working order the better kinds of tea, those, namely, whose flavour is affected by

a long sea voyage, will be sent to Europe overland. The strategic importance of the line from the military point of view is so evident that no words of explanation are necessary. Russia will be able to throw vast bodies of troops on the Chinese frontier or on the Pacific coast without Europe being any the wiser, and with a speed which will far outstrip the fastest ocean transports.—M. A. M.

### Extension of German Submarine Cables

THE extraordinary growth of German trade and influence in the Far East has drawn the attention of the Kaiser's Government to their total dependence on English telegraph companies. They cannot communicate with their newly-acquired possession, Kiao Chou, or send a message to their army or navy in China, without calling in the aid of British cables. This is a state of things which Germany is seeking to alter, but as cable laying is a most costly operation, the work must be done slowly and gradually. Already the Fatherland is connected by cable with America, and now the attention of its statesmen is turned to the East. Kiao Chou a few weeks ago was connected by cable with Chefoo, where it again meets the great cable network in the hands of British companies. A second line of cable to be laid by Germany is that connecting Chefoo with Shanghai. There is a British line already between these two important harbours, but Germany desires her own, and it is expected that next year will see it finished. Equally significant is the projected German cable from Liao Chou to Nagasaki in Japan. More ambitious still is the project for connecting Nagasaki with Samoa and the other German possessions in the Southern Pacific, but as this is a scheme which will require five million pounds sterling, it may have to wait a few years. Germany is probably one of the most ambitious of European countries, and nowhere is her ambition more manifest than in the desire to shake herself free from England on this great question of submarine cables.—M. A. M.

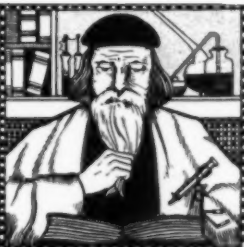




Science

and

Discovery



### Messages written by Telegraphy

SEVERAL months ago the method of very rapid telegraphy invented by Messrs. Virag and Pollak was described in these notes, and its limitations were pointed out. By this system the message was fed into the telegraphic instrument by a clockwork arrangement, and was recorded at the receiving end as a series of loops

and curves on a photographic band. These curves had to be deciphered and written out by the receiving telegraphist, and as this can only be done at a comparatively slow rate, the gain in the actual rate at which the message was passing through the telegraphic instruments was of little value. The inventors have now modified their sys-



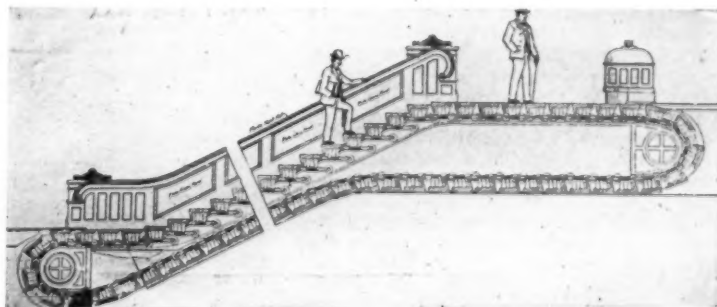
Vertical and Horizontal movements which make up the word "Telegraf" in a system of written telegraphy.

tem so as to overcome this difficulty, and they are now able to receive messages in written characters, instead of the usual curves and dashes. The receiving instrument consists of two telephones connected with the telegraphic line. A small mirror is fixed upon the metal diaphragm at the mouthpiece of each telephone, and the mirrors are so arranged that a spot of light is reflected first on one, then on the other, and lastly on a moving band of photographic paper. In ordinary writing, every written letter is made up of combinations of upright

strokes and horizontal movements of a pen, and the functions of the telephones are to produce these combinations. One mirror gives the upright movement to the spot of light, and the other at the same time gives the correct motion to it in a sideways direction. These vertical and horizontal movements are shown separately in the diagram, and the combination of the two produces the letters shown underneath them. There are technical difficulties still to be overcome before the system can be considered of commercial value, but electricians are agreed in considering it a most ingenious method of telegraphy.

### Travelling Stairs

A TRAVELLING stairway and floor, constructed upon the system here shown in a diagram, from the "Scientific American," is now in operation in one of the large stores in New York, and similar inclined lifts, or rather substitutes for lifts, are being erected at some stations of the Manhattan Elevated Railway System. Each stair is supported on small bearing-wheels, and they are all connected to form an endless chain which is kept in motion by means of an electric motor. The stairs are thus kept continually moving upwards or downwards, according to whether they are intended to convey people to higher or lower floors. When the top or bottom is reached the separate stairs fit into one another and form a moving floor for a short distance. A handrail in the staircase travels at the same rate as the steps, and can be held by nervous passengers. To make an ascent it is merely sufficient for the



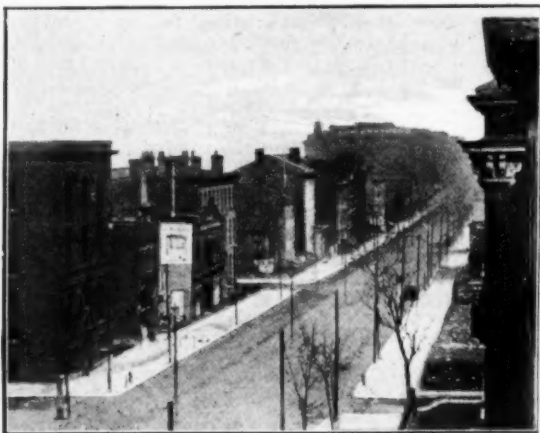
ENDLESS CHAIN OF MOVING STAIRS AND FLOORS

## Science and Discovery

passenger to stand upon any particular step and remain there, and if he wishes to move more quickly he can do so by walking from step to step as the staircase ascends. This system has the great advantage over a lift that it is always available, and can accommodate as many people as the stairs will hold.

### A New Method of Photography

A DISCOVERY which promises to be of practical value in photography has been made by Professor Nipher at Washington University.



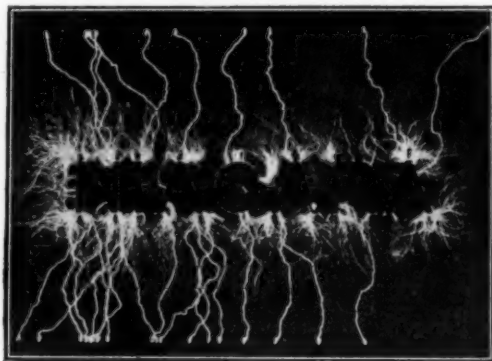
Photograph obtained from a plate which had previously been acted upon by X-rays, and was developed in the light. No moving objects appear, though people and vehicles were continually passing.

It is that X-ray photographs can be taken on the sensitive plates used by photographers even after the plates have been exposed to daylight for a few days. Moreover, he has found that in ordinary photography it is possible to perform the operation of developing the picture in the light instead of the usual dark room. In the case of the X-ray photography, if the plate is uncovered in the ordinary light of a room while the rays are acting upon it, the picture obtained is a positive, that is, the shadows are dark. But if a sensitive plate, which has been lying in daylight for two or three days, is wrapped in light-proof paper, or placed in a dark slide while the rays are acting upon it, the pictures are like those formed in the ordinary way. Pictures thus obtained can be treated with the chemical developer by the light of an ordinary lamp. Even more striking are the results obtained by subjecting the sensitive photographic plate to the action of X-rays before using it in the camera. The street scene here shown was taken with an exposure of ten minutes upon a plate treated in this way, and it was developed in the light. This picture is exactly as it appears upon the glass, that is to say, it is a positive and not a negative view. No traces of

moving objects can be seen, though people and vehicles were continually passing while the picture was being taken. Similar pictures have been obtained by Prof. Nipher with exposures of three or four hours, and they also show no traces of moving objects. In some cases hundreds of people passed, trams ran by at the rate of seventy in an hour, wagons delivered goods, and people waited for cars, but not a sign of life appeared in the picture, and the street appeared absolutely deserted. The method could evidently be used in the photography of buildings in busy streets, and so avoid the interference of the view by passing objects.

### Artificial Lightning used as an Advertisement

A NEW and not altogether pleasing prospect is opened up by an electrical advertising device which has been introduced by the chief engineer of the Niagara Falls Power Company. It consists of electrical signs such as those which alternately flash out and vanish upon walls and buildings in many of our cities, but with the additional property of discharging miniature lightning flashes in the manner represented in the accompanying picture. The letters first appear surrounded with a soft violet fringe, which becomes wider and wider until it extends a foot or more from their edges, forming a brilliant and shifting halo around them. As the electrical pressure is increased complete discharges occur, each accompanied by a loud report. The reports made by these flashes of artificial lightning are said to be so loud that they suggest a regiment of soldiers at rifle practice. After the discharge has taken place in



ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES FOR A SKY SIGN

this way, the series of effects begins again. The device is somewhat expensive, but that will

probably not prevent it from being used for advertising purposes.

### Accepted Conclusions

FROM observations recently made in Cuba, there seems little doubt that yellow fever, like malaria, is propagated by the bite of a mosquito which has previously been infected by biting a person suffering from the disease.

From records of registering thermometers carried up into the air by kites on more than twelve hundred separate occasions, the United States Weather Bureau concludes that the average fall of temperature is 5° Fahr. for every thousand feet of ascent above the earth's surface.

The amount of coal raised annually in the United Kingdom now amounts to more than 220 million tons. A rise of one penny per ton in the price of coal thus represents nearly one million pounds. If this enormous output is continued, Dr. Le Neve Foster, H. M. Chief Inspector of Mines, states that a coal famine will be felt within the lives of the present generation.

An interesting chemical industry, which has recently made rapid progress in Württemberg, is the manufacture of liquid carbonic acid gas. The gas is procured from natural gas springs at Eyach on the Neckar, and is, apart from a slight admixture of water vapour, perfectly pure. It is conducted into pipes, dried, and then compressed into the liquid state by machines driven by the water power of the Neckar.

In a paper read recently before the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. W. H. Dines proved that the majority of health resorts to which English people go in the winter, have a higher death-rate than London has at the same season, and a far higher rate than any of the country districts of the British Isles.

A trustworthy authority estimates that, owing to electrical action, about a quarter of a ton of iron is eaten away per year from the gas and water-pipes in the neighbourhood of each of the places at which the current is fed into an underground electric railway.

It is known that the constituents of the earth's atmosphere vary at different heights above sea-level. Calculations made by Mons. G. Hinrichs show that at an altitude of over sixty miles the

atmosphere probably consists of as much as ninety-five per cent. of hydrogen, which is a highly inflammable gas.

Mr. Mark Sullivan has taken a census of the survivors of the species of bison which once covered the prairies of North America. He finds that at the present time the number of bison living is approximately 1024, of which 684 are in captivity, and 340 running wild or half-wild.

Certain lowly fungi are so sensitive to chemical change in the medium in which they are growing, that if zinc chloride is present in the proportion of one part in 50,000 it acts as a powerful stimulus, and produces a growth some 700 times its own weight. On the other hand, if silver nitrate is present in the proportion of one part in 1,600,000 the plant is abruptly killed.

Coal consumption in blast furnaces varies with the amount of moisture in the air. Tests have proved that, when the air is charged with moisture, from two hundred to three hundred pounds more coke are required for producing a ton of iron than when the air is dry and comparatively little moisture is blown into the furnace.

It is sometimes thought that the size or weight of the brain is an indication of mental ability. Dr. Alice Lee and Prof. Karl Pearson have, however, just added their conclusion to that of others against this view, as the result of measurements of a number of heads. Apparently, the quantity of brain substance counts for little in estimating intellectual capacity, whether of individual or sex; the quality of the structure or the complexity of its convolutions are more closely related to mental power than mere size or weight.

The temperature of the body of a healthy person varies from about 97½° Fahr. to 98½° Fahr.; it is lowest between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m., and highest in the afternoon between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. The body may feel hot or cold at different times, but its actual temperature does not alter by as much as two degrees, whether a person in good health is at the coldest or hottest parts of the earth, eating or fasting, at rest or taking violent exercise.

Referring to the origin of birds' names, Mr. A. H. Meiklejohn points out that in most cases special stress is laid on some well-known or easily distinguished peculiarity either in cry, flight, or appearance. Names from the cry, such as pipit, crane, cuckoo, hoopoe, and kittiwake, are especially numerous. To the origin of some names, like gull and auk, there is no clue.



### Faith versus Unbelief

"It is hard," said Tennyson once, "to believe in God; but it is harder not to believe. I believe in God, not from what I see in Nature, but from what I find in man."—*Tennyson's Life*.

### National Responsibility

"WE may sometimes be compelled to be the indignant and inactive witnesses of wrongs that we cannot prevent or redress; but with nations, as with individuals, the power to confer a benefit or to avert an injury, is inseparably associated with the duty of using it."—R. W. DALE.

### Distinction, but not Bread

"A MAN of science may earn great distinction, but not bread. He will get invitations to all sorts of dinners and conversaziones, but not enough income to pay his cab fare."—*Huxley (Life and Letters)*.

### Huxley on the Helpers of Humanity

DR. J. H. GLADSTONE writes—"I remember his saying on one occasion that in his earliest experience of sickness and suffering, he had found that the most effective helpers of the higher humanity were not the scientist or the philosopher, but 'the parson, and the sister, and the Bible-woman.'"—*Huxley (Life and Letters)*.

### Huxley on Missionaries

WHEN Huxley made his voyage on the *Rattlesnake* in 1850 he paid a visit to Waimate in the North Island of New Zealand—then the chief missionary station, and a sort of Normal School for native teachers—in order to judge by his own inspection what missionary life was like. "I have been greatly surprised in these good people" (he writes). "I had expected a good deal of straight-hairedness (if you understand the phrase) and methodistical puritanism, but I find it quite otherwise. Both Mr. and Mrs. Burrows seem very quiet and unpretending—straight-forward folks desirous of doing their best for the people among whom they are placed."—*Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley, by Leonard Huxley*.

### The Future of our Race

"An empire such as ours requires as its first condition an imperial race—a race vigorous,

and industrious, and intrepid. Are we rearing such a race? In the rural districts I trust that we are. I meet the children near Edinburgh returning from school, and I will match them against any children in the world. But in the great cities, in the rookeries and slums which still survive, an imperial race cannot be reared. You can scarcely produce anything in those foul nests of crime and disease but a progeny doomed from its birth to misery and ignominy."—*Lord Rosebery: Rectorial Address at Glasgow, November 1900*.

### The Dangers of Wealth in National Life

"WHETHER an insidious and excessive luxury is not prevalent among us; whether the passion for wealth, its influence, and the worship it receives, be not a danger; whether, indeed, our land is not becoming the playground and pleasure of the plutocrats of all nations—in itself a symptom not wholly bad, but yet not wholly good, for a plutocracy is one of the most detestable of all dominations: these are grave questions with which we are confronted."—*Lord Rosebery at Glasgow*.

### The British Empire

"GROWING as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires. Do we not hail in this less the energy and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty? Shall we not, while we adore the blessing, acknowledge the responsibility? And while we see, far away in the rich horizons, growing generations fulfilling the promise, do we not own with resolution mingled with awe the honourable duty incumbent on ourselves? Shall we then falter or fail? The answer is not doubtful. We will rather pray that strength may be given us, adequate and abundant, to shrink from no sacrifice in the fulfilment of our mission; that we may be true to the high tradition of our forefathers; and that we may transmit their bequest to our children, aye, and, please God, to their remote descendants, enriched and undefiled, this blessed and splendid dominion."—*Lord Rosebery at Glasgow*.



## Woman Suffrage in America

THE part taken by women in the recent Presidential election in the United States has attracted attention. There are now four woman suffrage States, Wyoming and Utah, Colorado and Idaho. This year as in the past, the chief effect of woman suffrage was to increase the voting power of men with families, since nearly all married women voted with their husbands and nearly all unmarried women voted with their fathers. As to the question how generally the women voted, the reports from all States show that they voted almost as uniformly as the men. As to the general effect of woman suffrage upon the character of the campaign, we have seen no report, says the *Outlook*, half so interesting as that of Secretary Long, who during the campaign was visiting his daughters, both of whom are voters in Colorado. Secretary Long, it should be remarked, was an advocate of woman suffrage before his visit, and what he saw merely confirmed his prepossessions. As reported in the *Boston Journal*, his observations were as follows: "Prior to the election there was no undue excitement; the great mass of women, like the great mass of men, were about their ordinary business. There were some women, as there were a great many men, who were talking politics and acting on committees for securing the registration of voters. On election day I was at the polls at one of the wards, where there were more than a thousand votes registered, and where 899 actually voted. Nothing could be more orderly or better conducted. Men and women lined up in the usual fashion, taking their turn at the ballot-box, and after depositing their votes went about their business. A few women and a few men—perhaps more than women—were active in bringing voters to the polls. But there was nothing to jar the most sensitive spectator. On the contrary, it was the exercise in a becoming way and in a fine spirit of the interest which every citizen, man or woman, ought to feel in such an important event as a Presidential election. The tendency is to elevate and broaden and not to degrade or impair."

## The Durdans

TURNING over some old volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* we find some "lines written at Epsom" in the eventful year of 1804, which picture the days when George III. was at the Durdans as a child—

"In his youth,  
That friend to honour, virtue, and to truth,  
Our gracious King, with gaiety replete,  
With active spirits, and with sportive feet,  
Oft on its greensward used to sport and play  
And pass with innocence the time away.  
Still with reminiscence unimpaired,  
Which above most men he so clearly shared,  
He showed the trees he planted and the ground  
Where in his childhood he has danced around.  
Long may he live!"

## Signalling

THERE was much discussion at the time when Napoleon threatened the invasion of England as to the best methods of signalling. A certain William Amontous, who died in 1705, was mentioned as the originator of the "modern telegraphie." A correspondent of *The Gentleman's Magazine* challenges this statement by reference to an old book, "De Secretis," written by one Weckerus in 1582, where he gives on the authority of Cardanus, who flourished about 1530, the following method by which the besieged in a city may communicate with the surrounding country—

"Suppose five torches to be lighted and held in a horizontal line; the first torch on the left hand of the looker-on to represent A, the second E, and so on for the five vowels. The consonants are performed thus:—inclining the first torch to the left represents B, to the right C, elevating it above the line D, and depressing it below, F. By the second torch brandished in the same manner the four succeeding consonants may be represented, and so on, comprehending in all twenty letters."

Cardanus also refers to a fragment of Polybius as containing an obscure and mutilated account of a similar plan. The correspondent of a hundred years ago adds a suggestion of his own, in view of the French movements for conveying intelligence by night as well as by day. "Suppose a reflector of a convenient size, to be placed at the top of each station, and a wheel below, with its circumference level with the bottom of the reflector, and holes upon the edge of this circumference into which may be fixed large wooden movable letters in such order as to be expressive of the intended intelligence, and by turning the wheel gradually from right to left the whole of the letters will pass over the reflector and convey it to the next station."

## How to avoid Tubercle

DR. TUCKER WISE, in a shilling book recently published (Bailliere, Tindall and Cox), gives much valuable advice as to how to avoid the most obstructive bacillus known to modern medical science. Consumption is one of man's greatest enemies, and we gladly welcome any book that will help to exterminate the disease. There are many useful hints, and generally the advice is on right lines, but it is a pity that the frontispiece professing to show "Tubercle Bacilli" is all wrong, and is nothing like the real thing.

## Astronomical Notes for February

ON the 1st day of this month the Sun in the latitude of Greenwich rises at 7h. 42m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 47m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 25m. and sets at 5h. 5m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 6m. and sets at 5h. 24m. The Moon will become Full at 3h. 30m. on the afternoon of the 3rd; enter

## Teachers' Anecdotes

her Last Quarter at 6h. 12m. on the evening of the 11th; become New at 2h. 45m. on the morning of the 19th; and enter her First Quarter at 6h. 38m. on the evening of the 25th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about half-past 7 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 21st. The latter date being so soon after that of the New Moon, exceptionally high tides may be expected. No eclipses or other special phenomena are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the

19th, and will be visible in the evening during the second half of the month, situated in the constellation Aquarius. Venus is in Sagittarius, and will soon enter Capricornus; she rises during the greater part of the month about an hour before the Sun. Mars is now visible all night in the constellation Leo; he is at his greatest brilliancy, being at opposition to the Sun on the 22nd. Jupiter and Saturn are visible in the morning near together (the latter due east of the former), and at the beginning of the month Saturn is almost exactly half-way between Venus and Jupiter.—W. T. LYNN.

## Teachers' Anecdotes

BY GORDON HOSSACK

**Why the Sun never Sets on the British Possessions.**—At an examination, one candidate stated that "the sun never sets on English possessions, because the sun sets in the West and our possessions are all in North, South, and East."

**The Inspector's Collar.**—Inspector: "What is manufactured at Manchester besides cotton?" (No answer.) Inspector (impatiently, and pointing to his collar): "Come, come, what is this made of?" Class (simultaneously): "Paper, sir."

**The Morning Meal.**—"Now, William," asked the teacher of the juvenile class, "what do we call the meal we eat in the morning?" "Oatmeal," was the little fellow's reply.

**A.R.A.**—Teacher: "Yes, M.A. stands for Master of Arts. Now, what does A.R.A. mean?" Pupil: "A royal artilleryman, sir."

**"Righteous Indignation."**—In a north-country board school a class of children were asked by an inspector the meaning of "righteous indignation." The reply probably astonished him: "Being angry, sir, and never swearing."

**Punctuation.**—The master writes on a board: "The teacher of this class says, 'Smith is a donkey.'" Teacher (angrily): "Now, Smith, transpose that comma." Smith (in a flurry): "Ye—s, sir," and places it after his own name, the sentence thus reading—"The teacher of this class says Smith, is a donkey."

**He Didn't Do It.**—Stern-visaged Examiner, pointing to timid little boy: "Now, my lad, who wrote this piece of poetry?" Boy (piteously): "Oh, please sir, please I didn't."

**What is an Island?**—Another lad on being asked what an island is, replies: "A place you can't leave without a boat."

**The Icelanders.**—"What are the inhabitants of Iceland called?" Small boy: "Equinoxes, sir."

**A Mother's Note (exact copy).**—"Sir, I must strictly forbid you to punish Thomas again for anything he does as we never do so except in self-defence. Yours, HELEN S—."

**An Angry Mother (exact copy of her letter).**—"Sir I write to say my Tom ain't coming to your school no more and if you sends the bord man I shall chuk the sope suds over him I owe him one for getting me find 2 and a tanner last time. Mrs. W—. p.s. my husband on the look out so there."

**Dead, and no Wonder!**—"Dear Mr. H—, I most strongly and emphatically protest against my nephew learning Latin. Whatever good such words as 'sub' and 'sib,' and 'dib' and 'dab,' can do him I can't imagine. When he can speak his mother's tongue will be soon enough for him to learn foreign languages. When I was a girl no such rubbish was taught as our teachers knew better. He tells me it's a dead language, and I don't wonder at it, the rubbish. Yours very sincerely, JOAN T—." To the Schoolmaster.

**"Sir William."**—This sobriquet was obtained in a peculiar manner. A new boy came to school fresh from the country, and the "Sir" and "Miss" of the town child seemed quite unknown to him. "What's your name?" asked the master. "William Trott." "Add 'sir,' my lad." "Sir William Trott," was the amusing reply, and Sir William he remained.

# Wives, Mothers, and Maids

## *Counsel and Confidences*

### **The Manners of the Boys**

SOME time ago a drama was produced in which the leading idea was that a wicked man, to conceal the ravages his life had effected in his features, had a beautiful mask constructed, so skilfully that it was accepted as his face. After a period of procedure in accordance with his new aspect, an enemy, to expose him, tore off the mask, and lo, his real face had grown beautiful! A lesson so simple and so true to spiritual fact set thoughtless people thinking.

When John Henry Pestalozzi of Zurich began, of his own initiative, the educational measures which, in time, were to transform teaching, not only in his own country, but in all countries of the world, he discovered that decent clothing made the children stand and sit more erect; that standing erect they grew more fearless, looked less shifty, told more truth; that, being approved of for this, they developed affection, and so the blossom of character unfolded, petal by petal.

If manners do not make men, they invariably influence their fortune, and fortune is history, and history is the man and his environment.

As a rule parents do not trouble themselves much about the manners of the boys. They have other things to think of; they imagine it indicates wide tolerance to say, "Boys will be boys," and that home must be made comfortable. When company is present they may notice how badly the boys sit at meals, how noisily they eat, how doubtful is the cleanliness of their hands, and then the chances are largely in favour of their making public comments on these facts.

Children's parties are a great help in the education of the young, such a help that, even where they are troublesome to the adults, they should not be omitted. At a party a mother will see not merely that her son's person is in good condition, from his finger-nails to his boots, that he neither gobbles his food, sits with his hands in his pockets, nor lapses into any ways of his own in the intervals of talk—such things can be observed daily—but that he is cognisant of the trifles that, in later years, will differentiate him from the less fortunate people who had not a lady for their mother. A well-bred boy should know not to walk in front of a girl unless where it chances that he has to show her the way; to open any door he is near when people are about to leave the room, to rise from his seat if any lady in passing addresses him, and to stand as long as she stands, to pick up anything that a girl accidentally lets fall and return it to her, to see what his neighbours need at the supper-table, and to pass it if near him, in fact to acquire the small coin of civility which in time he will circulate quite unconsciously, and which may prove in the commerce of life far more

valuable than unminted gold. Many a fine, manly young fellow materially injures his position in the eyes of people whose acquaintance would be of great service to him, because he does not know that he must not address his seniors or women with the brusquerie that was considered the correct thing among his classmates, that when he starts an argument he must listen civilly to the other side, that all the cleverness in the world, and much probable goodness of heart, will not absolve those who meet adverse opinion, especially among people likely to have formed their opinions carefully, with rudeness. I have known young men, of whom much better was to be expected, who would whistle at meals, jump up when they had finished their food, even in houses where they were only visitors, interrupt other people to make remarks of their own, interrupt readers to read aloud extracts from their book, place themselves on the hearthrug in front of a circle of people and comfortably air their own backs, smoke without permission in the apartments of precise ladies, and act generally with indifference to the prepossessions, privileges, and rights of their neighbours. This resulted from neglected early training, which it is almost impossible to rectify at maturity. One often wonders how it is that the husband of a well-bred woman has certain very bad social habits, that the wife of a perfect gentleman is noisy, has some vulgar ways. One thinks that the one who knows should have improved the one who does not, that a velvet glove should smooth adjacent asperities. But this cannot be unless the culprit is conscious of shortcomings and desires to reform. Fault-finding in married life does not result well, and is very likely to be misunderstood, therefore, after a few attempts at improving her partner, Phyllis falls back for comfort on the substratum of virtue in Corydon's character, and tells herself he is very good; or Corydon, after a few timid hints regarding certain improvable matters in his wife's deportment, assures himself that these things don't signify, and are far less important than happiness. But they are not incommensurate with happiness, indeed, there are few items more valuable from this aspect than the assurance that members of one's own household will not only prove excellent when tested, but will do credit to themselves from the first. The evolution of good habits in the young does not call for a system of fault-finding; all that is necessary is to see that the child as a child habitually does what is civil and orderly. As it grows older it will take pleasure in what has become second nature.

Children should be encouraged to converse at meals; first, that they may form their opinions and learn to advance them without diffidence;

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

also that they may learn to tolerate adverse opinion; third, that they may acquire discrimination between what deserves notice and what is trivial. Man is a talking animal, and talk he will one day. As a child he must be permitted to speak when he thinks he has anything of consequence to say, that is an important preliminary to learning when to hold his tongue. The "children must be seen but not heard" theory must have educed as large a proportion of silly babblers at maturity as of glum wise men. It is not necessary to form an admiring audience when the children speak, but it is due to them that they be permitted to say what they think, and be helped to think sensibly.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Myra.*—You will find directions for making A Knee Writing Board in a little book, "How to Make Useful Articles," edited by Charles Peters, and published at 2s. by the Religious Tract Society. The book contains directions for the making of so many useful things that I am sorry it did not occur to me to mention it to our readers before Christmas. I know an invalid lady who does quite a little trade among her friends with the pincushions here shown, some of which (the peas in pod and the banjo pattern) I selected for Christmas gifts. Another book, "Home Handicrafts," by the same editor and publisher, gives directions for more

advanced arts, as leather-work, frame-making, repoussé brass-work, and bent iron-work.

*Lilith.*—For your little house I would advise not expensive furniture, as your stay in it will be so short, but make-shift furniture, and abundant covers, with cushions and rugs, which you can pack up and take with you when you leave, without any vast outlay for carriage. Only that you have taken your house I would have suggested furnished apartments and your stock of draperies to transform them. You have no idea how those artistic Armenian curtains with rough hand embroideries can transmogrify a sofa or big arm-chair. As they are very large and all consist of two widths which can be taken apart, and as they only cost a guinea each, you see what possibilities of artistic surroundings may lie in a five-pound note. I can supply, if desired, the address of a young Armenian, who will send parcels of his goods, carpets, rugs, curtains, portières, embroideries, to trustworthy people on approval, so that they can be examined amid the surroundings in which it is proposed to place them. An Oriental or orientalist room is, I assure you, the prettiest apartment possible, and by no means the most expensive.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

## Fair Maids of February

**F**AIR Maids of February, out, come you out!

Snows are melting off the lea, pools lie about.

Every pool holds the sun, gold grows the air

That was silver yesterday. Out, maidens fair!

Why should ye sit at home? have ye heart to flout

Winds that fain would woo ye, Dears, down your cloistered stair?

Fair Maids of February, ha' done with school:

All the winter long have ye borne homefast rule.

Now the sun is in the sky though the wind be keen.

Time for maids to quit their tasks. Staid have ye been—

Now farewell to chamber close, task and desk and stool—

Forth in your garments white and your ribbands green.

Fair Maids of February, 'tis the growing time!

Let your ribbands float out free, green as leaves o' lime.

Come, and where your modest bells hold their quiet sway

Taller flowers, not whiter flowers, there shall grow some day.

Heard ye e'er of lilies in your lessons long?

Heard ye e'er of wheatfields, and the harvest song?

Nay, but ye make beautiful all the time ye may

And the rose does no better, though she lives a longer day.

NORA HOPPER



## Our Chess Page

### Interesting Competitions

There is still time to compete in the **Brilliant Games Competition**, as it will not be closed until February 9th. For particulars, see the *Leisure Hour* for December.

In connection with the **Problem Competition**, which has attracted a large number of entries, there will be a **Solving Competition**. **Ten Guineas** will be given in prizes. Further particulars will be announced next month, with the first instalment of Problems to be solved.

Solution of the Problem by **MR. W. H. GUNDY** (December part):—

Kt—Q B 5

Solution of Problem by **MRS. BAIRD** (January):—

B—K B 7

In connection with our last Solving Competition, a **SPECIAL PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA** is awarded to

**A. F. MACKENZIE,**  
21, Shippen Road,  
Kingston, Jamaica,

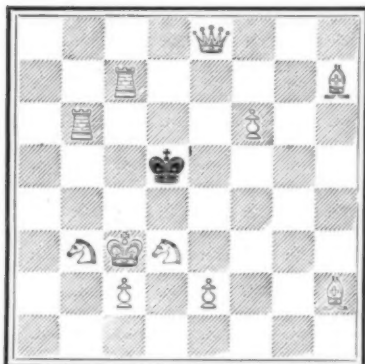
who sent in correct and exhaustive solutions of all the sound problems.

Here are some Chess Puzzles which will probably tax the ingenuity of some of our readers.

They are to be solved without departing from the recognised laws of chess.

PUZZLE No. 1.

BLACK—1 MAN



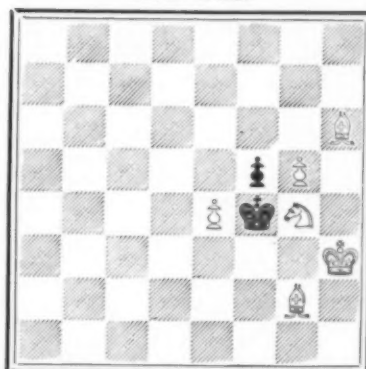
WHITE—11 MEN

White to move. What was Black's last move?

PUZZLE No. 2.

BY B. G. LAWS.

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—6 MEN

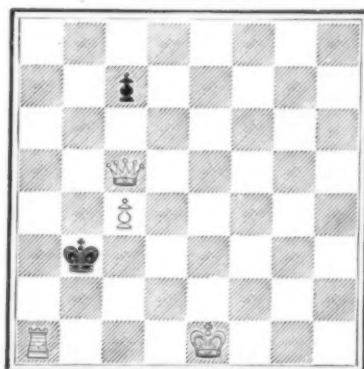
White has just played. Retract half his move, mating at the same time.

PUZZLE No. 3.

BY B. G. LAWS.

(Very complex)

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—4 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

A prize of **One Guinea** is offered for the first correct solution of all three puzzles. Envelopes to be marked "Chess Puzzle."

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod Ticket* on the Contents page of advertisements.

# The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

## PRIZE QUOTATIONS

### On The Fireside

1. "Happy the fireside student, happier still  
The social circle round the blazing hearth."  
*B. Barton.*
2. "Conversation is carried on most freely  
between two . . . when they are seated by the  
fireside, in the twilight, with their feet on the  
fender."—*H. Martineau.*
3. "Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join  
To cheer the gloom, there studious let me  
sit."—*Thomson.*
4. "After tea, when the door was shut and all  
was made snug, it seemed to me the most  
delicious retreat that the imagination of man  
could conceive."—*Dickens.*
5. "In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folk and let them tell thee  
tales."—*Shakespeare.*
6. "Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness."  
*Cooper.*
7. "O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
There's nae half sae sure as ane's ain fire-  
side."—*Mrs. Hamilton.*

The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS offered each month for the happiest quotation is awarded this time to G. Browne, 39 Rodney Street, Liverpool.

The next subject is "A Woman's Reason." Quotations to be sent in, on postcards only, not later than 15th February.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS.—Prize of the same value. Competitors residing outside Europe may send quotations so as to reach this office not later than 15th May.

### Quick Transformations.

(See Page 175.)

This has proved an extremely popular competition. Quite the best examples come from the Rev. R. Wright, who transforms Whig to Tory with eight, Poor to Rich with five, and Body to Soul with five intermediate words. His two quickest transformations are:—

Sham,	Wine,
seam,	mine,
ream,	mile,
Real.	Milk.

The next best series comes from Miss Webb, whose best example is the transformation of Pink to Blue, for which nine intermediate words are necessary.

350

Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS to Rev. R. Wright, Kilverstone, Madeira Avenue, Worthing. Prize of Half-a-Crown to Miss M. E. Webb, 22 Tottenham Court Road, W.

### SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

TWO GUINEAS offered in prizes to successful solvers of this series of five acrostics (appearing monthly, November till March). Prizes of the same value for Colonial Competitors. The following acrostic must be answered by the 15th day of this month.

#### Fourth of Five

1. "That . . . shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring  
tides,  
And coops from other lands her islanders."
2. "Within the . . . rind of this small flower,  
Poison hath residence and medicine  
power."
3. "What should we speak of  
When we are as old as you? When we  
shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December,  
how  
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have  
seen . . ."
4. "I had rather be any kind o' thing than a  
fool; and yet I would not be . . ."
5. "I have not seen  
So likely an . . . of love  
A day in April never came so sweet."
6. "Your prattling nurse  
Into a . . . lets her baby cry  
While she chats."

#### WHOLE.

"A sad tale's best for . . . , I have one of  
sprites and goblins."

Find omitted words, and give act and scene of each quotation.

NOTE.—Every "Acrostic" answer must be accompanied by the "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod Ticket: see Contents page of advertisements. All answers must have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope, must contain competitor's name and address, and must be received by the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.

Colonial answers received up to May 15.

No papers for any other competition to be included in envelope for "Fireside Club."

# The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

## COMPETITION 1. RESULT

Essay on "The Best Way of Spending a Bank Holiday."

### First Prize, One Guinea:

L. M. RESTALL, 68 Middle Street, Stroud, Gloucester.

### Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

E. HINDELANG, 53 Wolverhampton Street, Dudley.

### Commended:

W. D. HARRIS; M. E. JONES; CLARA A. PEACH; JOS. HOLFORD; H. M. OWEN; ALICE ROSSER; ZATIDA DERRY; M. S. PARKES.

[EXAMINER'S REPORT.—The Essays on this subject generally reached a high level. Most of them deplored the prevalent misuse of the Bank Holiday—the rowdiness of so many, and the excessive fatigue incurred by others.

Among the suggestions made were these:—Do not go too far away from home; Read about an old and beautiful place and go and see it; Spend a quiet day in the country; Do not attempt too much in the day; Choose a quiet sea-side place as being the most restful and invigorating; "Spend it soberly, righteously, wisely, and you will spend it well;" Practise your favourite hobby—painting, photography, natural history; Think of others too, and try to make them happy; Take some poor persons for an outing; In the evening go with a few friends to some charitable Institution (work-house or orphanage), and provide a short concert for the inmates.

Many of the writers praised the bicycle, and for the city resident it is a great boon. We confess, however, to some sympathy with one of our competitors who says:—"A pedestrian has a great advantage over a cyclist. He can traverse places impossible to reach by other means than walking, and notice things unheeded by the cyclist. Of course his radius is restricted, but it is better to do a little well than to rush over hill and through dale at a break-neck speed, with no object in view but doing so many miles within a certain time."]

## COMPETITION 2. RESULT

Essay on "How I spend my Daily Life."  
(Open to Men only.)

### First Prize, One Guinea:

Essay signed "Lux."

### Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

Essay by F. T. H.

### Highly Commended.

R. A.; D. P.-M.; T. A. B.; THOS. BAKER.

### Commended:

T. J.; W. L. C.

## COMPETITION 3. RESULT

Essay on "How I spend my Daily Life."  
(Open to Women only.)

### First Prize, One Guinea:

Essay signed "Veracity."

### Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

Essay signed A. E. L. T.

### Very Highly Commended:

E. G. B.; "A Mother of Six."

### Highly Commended:

E. E. G.; SISTER J. D.; "Jacky-toad"; M. E. J.; F. B.

### Commended:

H. A. J.; G. B.; E. W.; MURIEL H.; ELSIE S.; MRS. T.; MISS M. W.; A. M. U.; G. J. K.; MRS. A. H.; M. L. C.

[We hope to give, in a subsequent number, a selection of the Essays on this subject by both men and women.]

## COMPETITION 4. RESULT

### ART

The best copy, enlarged, of our November frontispiece, in water-colours or oils.

### First Prize, Three Guineas:

MISS F. MILLER, 104 Brecknock Road, Holloway, N.

### Second Prize, Two Guineas:

WINIFRED HICKES, Rockland, Arundel Road, Weston-super-Mare.

### Highly Commended:

MISS CECIL MARKHAM, Morland, Penrith.  
MISS EDITH PARKER, 2 Bertha Villas, Bognor.

### Commended:

W. R. PRENTICE; FANNY L. PADFIELD; EVELYN MARY ARNEY; Bray postmark (no name attached); MISS POPE; AMELIA HEWLEY; FRANCES E. H. YOUNG; ISABELLA BOSTON; H. B. LLOYD; MISS K. HIPPISEY; N. WALKER; MARY C. THOMAS; W. R. (France).

## COMPETITION 5. RESULT

### MUSIC

One hundred and seventeen musical settings to the hymn—

"O God of Bethel," by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed."

were received. The average merit of the work was higher than that of last year. Only three or four worthless tunes were sent, and quite forty of the settings were sufficiently good for performance at Divine Service. The prize is allotted to

MR. E. MARKHAM LEE, M.A., Mus. Doc.

<sup>1</sup> "O God of Jacob" in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. But "O God of Bethel" appears in Doddridge's original MS., known as the Rooker MS.

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Next in order of merit and very close to that of the prize-winner comes the work of MR. JOHN REYNOLDS, who sent a very stately hymn. The setting of the REV. L. MEADOWS WHITE deserves special commendation. The editor has decided to award two additional prizes, one of Two GUINEAS to Mr. Reynolds, and one of One GUINEA to Mr. White. And the following also sent very good tunes :—

LEWIS MENNICH; W. J. KEECH; JESSIE LATHAM; E. J. GRUTCHFIELD; "COMMA"; EVA MARY ALLPORT, A.L.C.M.; KENNETH LOADER.

### COMPETITION 6. RESULT

#### NEEDLEWORK

##### (A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.

###### First Prize, Two Guineas:

MISS DAISY PADFIELD, 2 Denmark Terrace, Brighton.

###### Second Prize, One Guinea:

MISS LUCY PROCTER, Wilton Vicarage, North Walsham.

###### Highly Commended:

JANE M. NEILD, Mount Pleasant House, Tunbridge Wells; MISS E. M. BROWNE, Preston House, Redhill, Surrey; MISS M. A. BOURNE, 24 Park Road, Bromley, Kent.

###### Commended:

MISS NELLIE HIDE; MISS KATE BREWER; MISS DODDS (Clifton); MISS CLEWS; MRS. GREGORY.

##### (B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

###### First Prize, One Guinea:

MISS M. FALCONER, Elder Bank, Duns, N.B.

###### Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

MRS. ARNEY, Winscombe, near Weston-super-Mare.

###### Highly Commended:

MISS S. A. MIST, 2 Myrtle Villas, Bromley, Kent.

###### Commended:

MISS A. M. PROCTER; MISS M. L. HOARE; MISS A. CHAPPELL.

##### (C) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS.

###### First Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

(MRS.) EMILY COLDSTREAM, 7 Cluny Terrace, Edinburgh.

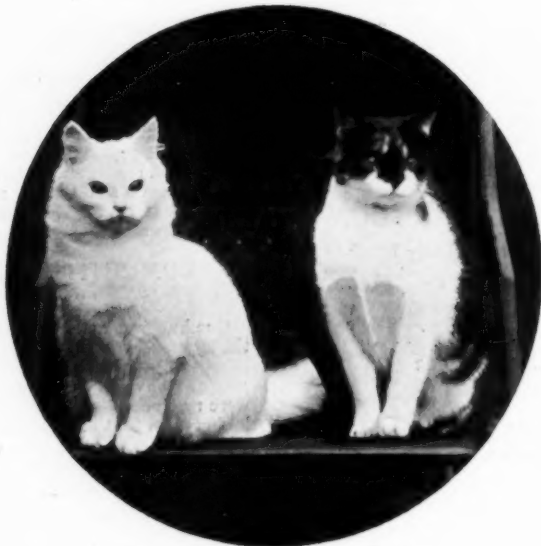
###### Second Prize, Five Shillings:

MISS MABEL A. BOURNE, 24 Park Road, Bromley, Kent.

###### Commended:

MISS EMILY CAVELL; MISS E. GENT; MISS TAILBY; MISS E. M. SKUSE.

PRIZE PHOTO BY MISS E. C. COPEMAN



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST